

The Philippine Presbyterian

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HISTORY

The progress of the gospel in Laguna has been by what Dr. Arthur T. Pierson once called the Apostolic Succession, i. e., by the witnessing mouth, to the hearing ear, to the believing heart, and again from lip to ear, from ear to heart, from heart to lip. Often, and especially in the early days, some who heard simply told others what they had heard. In very large part, when the small force of missionaries in the Philippines could by no means keep up with the eager, inquiring throngs, humble unofficial lay ambassadors

possession for more than three hundred years, the people knew not the Bible and were not permitted to read it. Several attempts of the British and Foreign Bible Society to introduce the Scriptures had proved unsuccessful, owing to the opposition of the Friars, and one colporteur had died in the Islands under suspicious circumstances.

We are celebrating this year the 10th anniversary of the establishment of the gospel in Laguna Province. The earliest data obtainable



CHAPEL IN BINAN, THE THIRD ERECTED SINCE 1903; FIRST BURNED, SECOND DESTROYED BY TYPHOON!

of Christ carried the message before any evangelist or missionary reached the place. Then informed of an interest in a new locality, the missionary went, baptized these prepared to receive the rite, and established a congregation. In the first flush of their religious liberty that came with the American occupation the people came with an almost abnormal enthusiasm and an eagerness that could not be restrained, to hear God's Word to men and to obtain that for themselves. Tho' Roman Catholicism had been in

shows that Rev. Dr. James B. Rodgers, who reached Manila in 1899, the first missionary to arrive, commissioned by a board in the U. S. to the Philippines, visited Binan in the late fall of 1901, accompanied by an evangelist, Sr. Binigno Dayao who is at present the major domo at the Elliawood Bible Seminary. Regular visits were made thereafter and in 1902 nine converts were baptized. From this we date the beginning, or the definite establishment of the work in Laguna. The advance was not with-

out opposition, tho' this opposition seldom became serious. Petty persecution was, however, rather common. A document of the date of Oct. 1901, indicates something of the state of affairs at that time. Military rule was still in force. This document is a letter of Dr. Rodgers to Brig. Gen. James F. Wade, U. S. A., Commanding the Department of Southern Luzon, and reciting that on the preceding Monday two evangelists, one of whom was Benigno Dayao, mentioned above, had reached the town of Cabuyao, and went to the house of a friend, where they had dinner, "intending to call at once on the authorities, as is our custom where ever we go." Before finishing the meal they were called upon by two native policemen who invited them to call on the Presidente. They were taken to the quartel with their friend, and found the Presidente of the town, one Sotero Batallones, waiting for them. He at once began to scold them and asked them whether they had a license from the archbishop or from the general. Then he beat their host quite severely and choked and shook, tho' not severely, Sr. Dayao, assuring them that there was no liberty in that town and that his will was law. Then he ordered them to jail where they were confined. At night their friend was released, but they were detained until morning, when they were sent under guard to the boat for Manila with orders never to return. The mild request then followed "that measures be taken to assure this Presidente that his ideas of authority are a bit antiquated and to prevent a repetition of such a gross abuse of power." The letter was referred to the Commanding Officer of the district including Cabuyao "for investigation and report and necessary action to prevent a repetition of such action by the Presidente in case the facts be found as within stated." The report of the officer was as follows: "This matter was first brought to my attention on seeing a report thereof in the Manila Times. I at once sent for the Presidente of Cabuyao. He at first denied all knowledge of the affair, then said his attention was called to a meeting in one of his barrios and, fearful it was in the interest of the insurgents, he sent his police after the leaders. When they appeared he asked why they were in Cabuyao, and by whose permission. They refused to tell him claiming they had a right to do as they pleased. He then sent them out of town. I told Mr. Batallones that he would remember in the future that he had no right to lay violent hands to anyone, that this was now a land of religious liberty and that in the future he would consult the military authorities before taking the law into his own hands. The Presidente has been an insurgent himself until within a few weeks, and possibly ought to be excused for his first offense on the

ground of ignorance. If I am permitted, I would suggest that the Rev. Rodgers instruct his evangelists to call at once on the Military Commander on entering a town. This would secure them absolute protection."

Rev. J. E. Snook, now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Berwyn, Ill., arrived in the Philippines in 1902 and shortly afterward was assigned to Laguna, as his special field. Living for awhile at Calamba, he afterwards made the capital, Santa Cruz, his headquarters, and finally took up his residence at Pagsanjan, having in 1904, gone to the U. S. and returned with a bride. Mr. Snook was an indefatigable worker and had remarkable success in pioneer work. The territory of Tayabas Province was included in Laguna Station until the coming of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Magill, when Tayabas Station was established as their field. Owing to the conditions at the time, unsatisfactory boat service on the lake, unfit roads for vehicle travel, the moderate element of danger in some parts of the Province where it was necessary at times to find housing with strange natives, and the fact that suitable accommodations among the natives in many towns could not be found, Mr. Snook was successful in raising among friends in the Islands and in the United States sufficient funds for a gasoline launch for itinerating on the lake, a beautiful little boat, thirty-eight feet long, with kitchen, refrigerator, bathroom and toilet, and sleeping couches in the main cabin. It added much to the comforts of itinerating, —except when a typhoon was on. But with the thoroughly changed conditions in the Province in the above-mentioned particulars, the launch became not so much of a necessity, and in order to utilize in other ways the money necessary for its upkeep, the little craft was sold three years ago. The work at Santa Cruz, was organized in 1903, also that at Calamba. Pagsanjan was organized in 1904. The other towns have followed at various intervals since.

Owing to the ill health of Mrs. Snook, they were obliged to resign in 1907 and return to the United States in March of that year. They have left behind them, however, ineffaceable evidences of effective service and practical helpfulness in the lives of the people. Their fragrant memory abides among those who were touched by their kindly influence. In June of 1907 Rev. Charles R. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, M. D., were appointed to Laguna as successors to Mr. and Mrs. Snook and reached the field in October. The five years just past have been fruitful in the experience and full of joy in the conscious effort to bring health to the body and healing to the soul of the men, the women, and the children of Laguna. It is felt that the five years' training will help to equip for the years to come. Five

*Last trip got launch the big piece of paper will be used in
the building at Calamba together*

years is a brief time in the life of an Oriental people. New duties and opportunities press so insistently and clamor so loudly on every side that there is real regret at having to break off next year and answer the call of wisdom to a year's furlough in the home land. The work has

become dear. We want to stay. The yearnings for the loved ones, the seasons, the sights and sounds of native land also is tugging. We are glad to go. But if to go meant to get out of touch with the life and its call here, it were better not to go.



DR. HAMILTON'S DISPENSARY



STREET SCENE IN PAGSANJAN

TEN YEARS OF THE GOSPEL IN LAGUNA

Population of Province	158,000
Present missionary force, one man and wife.	
First converts baptized in the year, 1902	
Total number of baptized and enrolled converts in year, 1912.	1,000
Towns occupied	16
Towns unoccupied	11
Number of churches	18
Number of churches possessing chapels	17
Total amount of money raised by churches in past year	\$2100.45
Of amount above sum contributed to Home Missions	\$90.00
No. of young men from Laguna taking course in Elinwood Bible Seminary in preparation for the gospel ministry	5
No. from Laguna having completed above course	4
No. of young ladies from Laguna taking course in Elinwood Training School for Girls	4

No. of native ordained native pastors in connection with Station	1
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LAGUNA'S NEEDS TO EQUIP IT FOR ITS WORK.

Dormitory for High School Students, cost	\$5,000.00
Hospital	4,000.00
Residence for missionaries now on field, cost	4,000.00
Land for these buildings, cost	5,000.00
One medical missionary, salary if married	1,500.00
Salary if unmarried	1,000.00
One trained nurse, salary	1,000.00

Present equipment in land and buildings, none.
 Send your gifts designated for Laguna Station to the Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE MISSIONARY AND HIS WORK

Well, what does the missionary do? A very pertinent question, the answer to which perhaps from the average friend at home would be rather vague. You have all seen pictures of the missionary sitting under a palm tree, holding an open book in his hand, explaining its message to a group of naked savages, leaning on their spears and shields, curious and interested in the white man and his Bible. That is what the missionary's work is not, at least not in Laguna. Instances may occur remotely suggesting such a scene. But that is not the way the work is done.

The work here embraces two phases, that "on the road," as the knight of the grip at home would express it, and that at the Station headquarters, where the missionaries live. Perhaps about half the time is spent in the former method. Last year the writer travelled 2864 miles in the prosecution of his work. This itinerating work means visiting the churches, counselling with the leaders, conducting services for propaganda in neighborhoods where the gospel has as yet not much of a hold, examining candidates for baptism, holding the regular services for baptism and the Lord's Supper, etc. Anything may arise during these visits. The town fiesta may be on, with crowds of people present, the cockpit going full blast, all kinds of games of chance running, and booths dealing in unusual wares. All this may suggest the opportunity for special services, it may be on the street, as has frequently been the case. A complaint from the members regarding the curtailing of their liberty in holding meetings on the part of the town authorities, or interference with their procuring a place for the burial of their dead sometimes calls for a conference with these officials in an endeavor to settle the trouble. A problem involving church discipline may have to be handled.

The office work at home made necessary by the supervisory nature of the writer's work commands a good share of time. Correspondence (write it with a big C); devising plans to meet special conditions and problems as they arise, an instance of this being the working out of a plan for holding student services in English on the itinerating trips, which promise good results; looking after Station accounts, a system of having the bulk of the actual book-keeping done by the Mission Treasurer in Manila for all the Stations leaving an irreducible minimum of accounting at the Station which involves more or less time; preparing sermons and addresses, as well as courses of instruction or lectures such as are given at the annual Workers' Conference; the never ending language study; conferences with the itinerating evangelists

and other workers; devotional Bible study. Time must be found for meeting the callers at the house, for writing an occasional article, for doing committee work for Mission and Presbytery, for translation work. A special trip here or there, not included in the regularly planned travel, must be made. The annual Mission Meeting, if held elsewhere than in Manila, for the Laguna missionaries consumes three weeks usually, including time of travel to and from the place of meeting. A little time must taken for one's personal and home affairs, and the missionary strives, as does the pastor at home, to give himself in service to the community and the country for work that never can be scheduled, but is important and must be done. The writer was a pastor in the United States for twelve years almost and used to think himself driven at times, but he has to confess that the work there never piled quite so high about his ears, he never found quite so little time as here for general reading and enriching inner life, never found himself wishing so often that he was a half dozen men, nor had so few occasions for feeling that something was actually finished. Yet as he looks about at some of his fellow missionaries, he sometimes feels that he has an easy time. One thing must be added, it is ever and always a joy to be in the work.

For three years Mrs. Hamilton conducted daily clinics at her dispensary, having the privilege of healing sickness and alleviating pain and bringing the knowledge of better ways of living to the people, the fruits of the latter being particularly seen in Pagsanjan in many homes made more hygienic and in the more intelligent care of infants. At the present time looking after the interests of the home, particularly of that third member who joined us a year ago, presiding at the church organ at Pagsanjan, assisting in working up special music for special occasions, and giving attention to those patients who will persist in calling at the house in spite of the fact that she does not pretend to do medical work regularly—these things occupy her time. Altho' she has not been the writer's "companion in tribulation" in his regular itinerating work, she has occasionally accepted that position, and has visited at various times most of the towns where our churches are located. On the last trip made, a brief visit to towns across the lake, the entire family made the journey.

OPENING UP WORK IN A NEW TOWN

How does the gospel get a foothold in a place? Well, in various ways. But a concrete example will best illustrate the way of the Spirit who worketh when and where and how he willeth. About a month ago one of the active workers, a young man living in



PHILIPPINE HIGHWAY, TYPICAL OF THOSE NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED ALL OVER THE ISLANDS. TWO YEARS AGO LAGUNA MISSIONARIES TRAVELLED THIS ROAD BEFORE IT WAS MACADAMIZED, WITH WATER ALMOST UP TO BED OF VEHICLE



LAGUNA'S EVANGELISTIC FORCE; SEATED, THE MISSIONARY AND NATIVE PASTOR, REV. ROMAN G. AMORANTO; STANDING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ITINERATING NATIVE EVANGELISTS, MESSRS. JORGE PEYES, PAFICCO ABAD, AND GUILLERMO ABELLA

Santa Cruz, came to the house and reported that the people over in the town of Bay situated on the Laguna de Bay, the town from which the lake takes its name, were desirous of having me come and hold meetings, that some were ready for baptism. By questioning I learned that there was a member of the church of Tondo, Manila, living there, a foreman on the highway, and a zealous worker in the cause of the gospel. He had lived in Bay about a year and during this time he had been talking with his friends and acquaintances con-

cerning his faith in Christ, had held small meetings, and had endeavored to preach the gospel as best he could. A number were interested. Recently there had come two women to the town, members of the Methodist church in Manila, buying and selling goods, but every where they went they talked of Christ. Their work was a great help. The following week I went over, having written to our evangelist at San Pablo, Guillermo Abella, to meet me there. I had been wishing to see Bay open to the gospel for a long time. But hitherto it had seemed fast closed, the people caring nothing whatever about the message as presented by an evangelical church. Guillermo came down from San Pablo, bringing with him nine of the members of the church there, and the little folding organ which they use in their services. We arrived on Saturday afternoon. An interview with the Vice President of the municipality revealed his willingness for us to use the market place, an aggregation of covered stalls near the R. R. Station.

It was good to see the joy and expectancy of the little group of disciples waiting for the coming of the missionary. Besides this road foreman there were five others, his wife, the wife's mother, two men, and the wife of one of them. I asked the oldest one of these men what had been the beginning of his new faith. He said that about a year previous he had been in a neighboring town celebrating the town fiesta, worshipping in the usual way bowing before the images of the saints in the Roman church and giving alms at the church door. During this fiesta he had attended an open-air meeting held by an American missionary and a Filipino, in which the missionary had asked, "What did the patron saint of this town, in whose honor you are all making this celebration, ever do for you? This Saint Bartholomew, did he ever do anything for which you are indebted to him? Isn't Christ alone your Saviour? Don't you owe everything to him?" "Well," said the old man, "that was the first time I ever heard anything like that. It gave me a new idea. I thought it over in my mind and I decided that the missionary was right. From that time I ceased going to worship at the Roman church, and kept trying to find more light, and when the foreman gave me the gospel and I read it and he explained it to me, I said, 'This is what I have been searching for.'" And the old man's face glowed with a light unmistakable.

We held a meeting last night in the market place and a large crowd gave eager attention. I spoke briefly and then Guillermo preached with remarkable power. As I passed out at the close, I

heard a man saying to a small group about him, "Who are these 'Cristianos Evangelicos,' any how? they prohibit gambling, they prohibit cock-fighting. If you join them, you turn your back on your liberty." He was right in all but the last sentence. Did you ever hear an American in that strain? I have. The next morning we held a Sunday School in the house of one of the candidates for baptism. In the afternoon, having examined these five new converts, and finding them ready for baptism, I conducted a service, baptizing them and administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Immediately afterward this little handful began to talk about building a chapel. One young married woman very much desired to be baptized, but her husband was a hard-drinking man and a strong Romanista and violently opposed her becoming a Protestant, and it seemed best for the present to defer her reception. Others were ready, but it was not possible for them to be present at the service that day. Sunday evening we held another large meeting in the yard of a man friendly disposed. I learned that at the morning mass the padre had taken occasion to refer to us, denouncing the meetings and declaring that "the devil had come into town." He warned the people to stay away from us. But crowds came to the devil's meeting.

I believe this is the beginning of a strong work. I received just yesterday a letter from Guillermo, the evangelist, telling of his second visit to Bay. The letter follows:-

"My Dear Hamilton,

"I have three small books sent by you some time ago and I am very much pleased with them. I send you a thousand thanks. All of us are well here and the works are going along nicely, with the exception of our outdoor meetings are often kept away by the rainy season. I had been in Bay on the 11th of this month and I found the members there in good condition and all seem very eager to the gospel. The services were attended well, though there was not good time on account of the rain."

"I wish you were with me so that you could have seen how people comes to me for discussion on religion. Almost the whole Sunday was spent in discussion with the people who came at the house where I stop. But thanks to the Lord, he taught me all what I ought to answer. I remembered Christ when he was in the temple and was asked several times by his enemies, yet they all met their Waterloo for Him. Some of them brought books written by a priest, while others had the Bible. But fortunately we had there a New Testament of the Roman church in Latin and Spanish,

translated by Padre Scio de San Miguel, the very same version the priest today use. And it was the Bible we used for reference. So they were all kept silence and asked no more questions when I shew them that Bible. The gospel of Christ must always win, and it did. So the last words I heard from them were, "Indeed that is right". So I came home Monday with a feeling that David had when he came from the battle.

"I will close now with my best wishes to you and your family."

Sincerely Yours,
Guillermo Abella

(I have given the above letter just as Guillermo wrote it to me in English, that you may see how a young man, a fairly representative young English-speaking Filipino of the new regime, expresses himself. If his English grammar is at times faulty, his ideas are right, and above all, you can see his fine heart. But be assured he makes no breaks in his mother tongue as he preaches to his people in the power of the Spirit. What do you think of the future Filipino church, in the hands of such men as he, who venture and rest everything on the Holy Word which to them is an end of all strife?)



SUNDAY SCHOOL AT SAN PABLO, IN FRONT OF NEW CHAPEL

THE FIELD

Five years ago when the present missionaries arrived on the ground, there was just one route to Laguna Province from Manila. There were no through highways. The railroad had not reached a single town in the Province. The route was up the Pasig river and through Laguna de Bay, the large fresh water lake that stretches along the borders of the Province for about thirty miles. When we had prepared to go up to our place of

residence, Pagsanjan, a few days after setting foot on shore at Manila, the bridge of the Manila Electric R. R. Co., in course of construction across the Pasig near Fort William McKinley collapsed, the wreck obstructing the channel of the river and preventing the passage of steamers for about five weeks, and thus prohibiting our reaching Pagsanjan for about that length of time.

The steamer trip is an exceedingly interesting

experience the first time. Passing up the river and before you are outside the limits of the city you see many of Manila's really beautiful villas, with spacious grounds reaching down to the river, with private steamer landings; among these is the Malaccan Palace, the official residence of the Governor General of the Islands. You note also some of the city's large business enterprises and manufacturing establishments; the extensive plants of the Standard Oil Co. fronts the river, having suffered recently a quarter of a million dollar fire. Filipino life along the river holds the attention of the novice: - the long narrow canoes (bancas) plying the water, the women at the water's edge in varicolored garments, doing the family washing, and apparently endeavoring to crush great stones with the garments they wield, or flay the latter to shreds with the laundry paddle, the people, sometimes whole families, bathing, the small children swimming and diving like ducks; the quaint bamboo houses, nipa-thatched, on the river's bank; the native bancas bearing passengers out from most any spot along the river to board the passing steamers, the latter slowing down only and caught by these intending passengers, as it were, on the fly; and the odd looking bamboo fish traps sticking up out of the water where the river flows out of the lake.

As the boat stops at the town along the way you will witness an interesting phenomenon. Long before the boat is ready to stop you see a half-dozen or more large bancas, manned by a number of rowers, rowing for dear life toward the steamer. As they near the steamer there are frantic efforts for positions, as the object is to make fast to the boat at the most advantageous point to secure a load of passengers or cargo. These crews of banceros, often bare-headed, always bare-footed, frequently with bare backs, manoeuvring for position, shouting and gesticulating, make a picturesque sight. They attach their bancas to the steamer while the latter is still going at considerable speed. One man stands in the end of the banca, holding a coil of rope fastened at one end to a cross beam in the banca, and having at the other end a large iron hook. With rope and hook in hand, as he hears the steamer he makes a quick leap to the free-board, at the same time with a rapid motion catching with the hook one of the iron standards supporting the upper deck of the steamer. Sometimes as the rope comes taut it snaps asunder, and then there are angry shouts and cries of "Sus, Maria, Josef!" ("Jesus, Mary, and Joseph") the most finished and expressive oath in all the profanity of the Filipinos, as the banca drops to the rear and loses its chance. Sometimes the man with the hook makes a miss as he tries to connect with the iron standard, and he also drops behind amid the

laughter and jeers of his companions. When the bancas have been made fast to the steamer, the banceros swarm over the rail and swoop down on all the baggage and cargo in sight, for all the world like a gang of pirates. If you are not disembarking at a particular port, you do well to keep your eye on your belongings. There is but one dock on the entire shore of Laguna de Bay, the military dock at Los Banos, and at times when the surf runs high, this matter of discharging or embarking goods or passengers becomes a dangerous business. I have seen bancas overturned and cargoes sent to the bottom of the lake, tho' such a thing is rare. Sometimes a high wind will cause breakers of such a height to roll in that the master of a vessel declines to put in at a particularly exposed port, tho' this is seldom necessary.

You notice the lake dotted with the sails of small fishing craft, and occasionally you see an immense net covering a large area of water, the limits of its extent marked by the wooden floaters along its end.

Over one half of the towns of the Province are situated along the shore of the lake. Steaming over the water you descry the large white stone Roman Catholic churches, they alone marking the towns in the distance. Stopping at Los Banos you see looming up directly behind the town old Mt. Makiling, an extinct volcano, 3724 feet high. Looking to the southeast your gaze meets the pile of mountain splendor, Banajac, rising 7382 feet, another extinct volcano, situated on the boundary line between Laguna and Tayabas Provinces, the white churches of three of Laguna's towns standing outlined against its foothills. This mountain is plainly seen from Manila eighty miles away on a clear day, and was the first glimpse the writer had of Laguna as he stood on the porch of Ellinwood the day following his arrival in the Philippines. To reach Pagsanjan the steamer crosses the lake and enters the Pagsanjan river at its mouth. As you pass up the stream you realize you are in the midst of the coconut country, dense groves of this palm covering the land on either side. Pagsanjan is the center and one of the principal markets of a rich and fertile Province, whose principal products are rice, hemp, coconut, the latter leading all. The Province has a population of about 158,000 and an area of 629 square miles. It comes fifth in the Provinces in the density of its population, with 236 to the square mile. Its inhabitants are practically all of the civilized type and belong to the predominant race in the Philippines, the Tagalog. A very few of one of the wild tribes, the Negritos, dwell in the hills on the eastern edge of the Province.

The Province is rapidly advancing in those things that make for material improvement.

Whereas, as late as five years ago there was not a mile of railroad within the Province, now the iron way traverses the province, touching fully half the towns, and providing in addition stations at as many more small barrios, or outlying districts of towns, while the branches are being projected to cover the entire province. At the same time the finest roads for wheeled vehicles have been

children and youth crowd these schools beyond their capacity, while 1,000 American and several thousand Filipino teachers furnish the training. It should not be forgotten however, that in this as in every other department of the government in the Philippines, the Filipino is "paying the freight." A most erroneous impression is abroad in the U. S. to the effect that Uncle Sam is carrying



FAMOUS PAGSANJAN GORGE



NEW CHAPEL AT PAGSANJAN IN PROCESS,
OF CONSTRUCTION

constructed at an expense of thousands of dollars and much new road is yet to be built. Artesian and other wells have been bored in almost every town—some of them private, many of them public, which furnish pure drinking water in place of the disease-bearing liquid formerly drunk from dirty streams and shallow wells. The change is having a marked effect on the health of the people.

Nothing more remarkable was ever done by a nation for a subject people than America has done for the Philippines in developing the public school system. Thousands of dollars have been spent in the construction of school buildings. Over 300,000

a great financial burden in governing the Philippines. Nothing could be farther from the truth. President Taft in a recent communication to Congress made it clear that the government of the Philippines is absolutely self-supporting. The only expense to which the U. S. is put in connection with the Philippines is in the transportation of troops. This, however, does not detract from the truth of the statement that the U. S. is to be credited with a work which is truly missionary both in spirit and operation in the various depart-

[Continued on page 11]

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General Items

New tableware has been ordered for Silliman
 Institute and should be here shortly.

The locusts, drouth and army worms have
 caused severe suffering in many parts of the Is-
 lands. Cebu has suffered especially in many parts
 of the Island.

The church at Sibulan is preparing to build
 their chapel. Sr. Valentin Zamora has given the
 land for the building and the people are eager to
 get a church home. This is a point where the
 work is carried on entirely by Silliman students.

The Silliman Press is getting out a series of
 lessons on the great truths of the Bible, in Visa-
 yan, prepared by Mrs. Graham. These are for
 use in the Sunday Schools of the southern Islands.

One of the students sent to the United States
 for study has returned with the leprosy. Evi-
 dently it is becoming dangerous for residents in
 the Philippines to visit in the States.

Dr. Hall and Rev. Paul Doltz have made a trip,
 practically around the Island of Panay. They
 report a very wet trip which may have been due
 to the fact that they passed through a good deal
 of Baptist territory.

Bishop Brent of the Episcopalian Church made
 a visit to Zamboanga last month and it is report-
 ed that he contemplates erecting a hospital there
 in the near future. This would be of great benef-
 it to the people of that region as the only other
 Mission Hospital on that large island is at Davao
 on the opposite side of the island.

A meeting of the Executive Committee is plan-
 ned for the first of November at Dumaguete. At
 this meeting the estimates and reports will be
 prepared for the Board, and will be forwarded so
 that they will arrive before the end of the year.

The Committee will also divide up the deficit
 among the stations; it is hoped that it will be
 small.

North Presbyterian Church

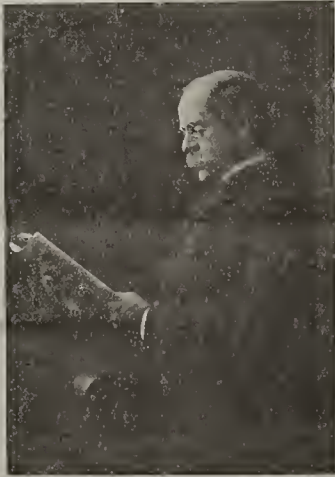
The salary for the Laguna missionaries now on the field is provided by the North Presbyterian church, Buffalo, N. Y., a church deeply imbued with the spirit of missions. No finer body of Christian disciples or better organized church for aggressive Christian effort can be found than this people, with their splendid modern church plant, led in their work by their beloved pastor, the Rev. Edwin H. Dickenson, D. D., whom the writer knew as a fellow pastor in Buffalo for eight years, and who, if memory is not at fault, has been the faithful shepherd of North Church for more than twenty years. North church, in addition to the activities of the immediate parish, carries on a city mission Sunday School and supports Miss Mary K. Van Duzee in Uroomiah, Persia and the Laguna missionaries in the Philippines. In the work of the Presbytery and in the charitable and philanthropic movements the church takes a leading part, while through its members eminent in social and commercial circles its influence is felt far and wide throughout the life of the city. We are glad to present pictures of Dr. Dickenson and the North Church.



NORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Field

[Continued from page 9]



REV. EDWIN H. DICKENSON, D.D.

ments of government established in the Islands. In no department is this truth so obvious as in the work of the Bureau of Education. Laguna's schools are among the best in the Islands. The Province has 11,040 pupils enrolled, a teaching force of 13 American and 202 Filipino instructors, and \$95,159 has been and is being spent in the erection of buildings.

In order to give an idea of the material improvements that have taken place in the Province within ten years, the particular improvements which have been inaugurated in the town of Pagsanjan within that period may be enumerated as illustrative. Most of these have come within the last five years. They are as follows: money order office in connection with the post-office; postal savings bank depository; telegraph office; three hotels, the first one due to instructions given the native proprietors by the former missionaries here, Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Snook, and it has proved a boon to many a weary traveller; railroad;

telephone connecting with other towns of the Province; two cinematographs running nightly, an institution which is taking a large place in the life of the people, both for their diversion and education; a concrete school building; erected at a cost of \$11,000; at present an ice plant is being constructed by a Filipino company, machinery for which has been ordered from the States; work will soon begin on a municipal water works. All of the towns of the Province have some of these things. Some have most of them. One town has made arrangements to put in an electric light plant soon. Not only do these things represent the advancement of this Province,

they typify the generally improved conditions in the Philippines as a whole. Now take away all these things, really elementary features of a modern civilization, and you have something of an idea of the state of the country ten years ago. It may be stated as a truth that in proportion as the people are making these modern advances, they are breaking with their old religious beliefs. What does that mean? HE WHO RUNS MAY READ. IT SPELLS THE DAY OF OPPORTUNITY. THE GOSPEL MUST KEEP PACE WITH THESE FORWARD STEPS, OR LOSE ITS HOLD ON THE PEOPLE.

TOWNS OCCUPIED

Munting Lupa, a little fishing village on the lake, which, just over the line in Rizal Province as you come from Manila, is included in the limits of Laguna Station. Here is an earnest little band of followers, with a neat bamboo chapel.

San Pedro Tunasan, the property of an estate, tho' a regularly organized municipality, where the small company of disciples possess no chapel, and have experienced considerable opposition and a mild type of persecution in their efforts to promote the gospel. They are bravely holding on and growing in numbers and strength.

Binan, one of the largest municipalities of the Province, the center of what was formerly a hacienda of the Friars, the land now owned by the government and gradually being sold to the people in moderate-sized parcels on easy payments. Here is an influential church, with a neat substantial chapel, a picture of which is given on page one. This is the third chapel this congregation has built since 1902, the first having suffered destruction by fire, the second by a great typhoon. Binan is the place of residence of the only native ordained pastor in connection with Laguna Station. His district includes the churches located at Munting Lupa, San Pedro Tunasan, Binan, and Calamba. He is a young man of fine ability and a graduate from Elinwood Bible Seminary in the first class, 1908. There are now two students from this congregation in Elinwood.

Calamba, the birth place of the hero-martyr of the Philippines, Dr. Jose Rizal. You may see the site of his home on the main street, tho' it is now occupied by another building. A Calamba young man, a nephew of the patriot, is now a student in law in the city of Washington at George Washington University. Another Calamba boy is at West Point, where he stands well up in the first half in a class of 1912. Calamba is an important market town and has become the

most busy railroad center in the Province, being the junction of three lines of the Manila R. R. Co. We have here two churches, one in the town itself, or poblacion in Spanish, the other in a barrio, or district, on the lake shore. The former has just built a good frame chapel, the second the congregation has occupied.

Santa Cruz, the capital and one of the chief towns of the Province, a rather recently-developed municipality in comparison with the age of most of the Philippine towns, and made the capital only something like fifty years ago. A Santa Cruz young man is one of the student group at Washington, studying law at George Washington University. It is here in the capital city that the Aglipayano church has perpetrated a great fraud. A peculiarly-formed knot found in a piece of wood was declared by the priest to be a miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mary, and it was promptly enshrined at the altar and carried in processions, and has been the source of immense revenue to the church. Our congregation here was first organized in an outlying barrio, where a chapel was built. But two years ago they erected a chapel in the poblacion, where they now worship. Santa Cruz has always maintained a friendly attitude toward the Protestant faith, and the work is encouraging. One of the young ladies of the church will complete her course in Elinwood School for Girls this year and next year will be given a place on its faculty.

Santa Cruz is the seat of the Provincial High School, for which a new building is shortly to be erected. The Trade School already occupies a well-adapted structure. The Provincial government building is one of the finest and most beautiful in the Philippines.

Pila, a community of sturdy, independent farmers, whose best available communication with the outside world is by the Lake, it is distinguished by the fact that it possesses the one

private railroad in the Province, a little narrow gauge line connecting with the lake and the regular R. R., from both of which it is situated some little distance. Our congregation here has encountered first, opposition then steady indifference, which is the present attitude of the community toward the gospel. Before the chapel was erected the meetings held in the streets were sometimes interrupted by stones thrown at the participants. On one occasion the writer's mother was with him and the first missile struck her on the knee, as she sat at the side of the street. All this has ceased, however, and the Protestant body has the respect of the people, one of their number having been elected to the town council recently.



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE LAGUNA STAFF,
KINGSLEY WHEELER HAMILTON



THE LAGUNA MISSIONARY FORCE;
REV. AND MRS. C. R. HAMILTON AND KINGSLEY

Pagsanjan, which well-travelled tourists in the Philippines unite in describing as "the most beautiful Provincial town in the Philippines," is unique in several ways. Some of its features and a list of its material improvements are in another article in this issue. Its wealth, its citizens deriving their large cocconut grove-tured native community, is well known outside Manila. A number of its people have travelled in Europe, America, China, and Japan. Probably a score of young men, besides one young woman, have taken courses of from two to five years in American colleges, while several are pursuing courses there now. One who graduated last year from Chicago University occupies the chair of economics in the Philippine University.

Pagsanjan is situated at the junction of two rivers, and hence its name, Pagsanjan, which is a contraction of the Tagalog word "pinagsangahan", meaning, the place where branches meet. Several things contribute to the beauty of the place; the well built character of the houses, many of them richly furnished; regular and scrupulously clean streets; natural situation at the junction of the two rivers, down one of which countless rafts of cocoanuts are floated the year round, and up the other of which steamers reach the town from Manila; the hill on the north side, where stands the new concrete school building reached by a winding flight of about 75 steps from which one looks down on the roofs of the town, the rivers, the ocean of palms on every side, and across twenty miles to magnificent Mt. Banajao, one of the highest peaks in the Islands, 7,382 ft. above the sea level. Then there is the

famous Gorge, one of the show places of the Islands, a little distance up the Pagsanjan river, whose walls, hung with the green tapestries of nature, rise sheer 250 feet on either side, and where the visitor gets several kinds of thrills as he shoots the rapids in the native canoe, or banca. A picturesque feature of the old town that does not fail to impress the visitor is the stone triple-arched gateway, erected about 45 years ago by the direction of the Spanish Presidente, surmounted by the royal Spanish coat of arms, carved over the central arch, and, standing guard over the entrance, two huge graven animals, in appearance unlike any known species in the heavens above or the earth beneath.

Pagsanjan was once the capital of the Province, but we are told that during the regime of a certain governor the proud and sensitive Pagsanjanos became offended at the latter's conduct and assassinated him, after which the capital was removed to Santa Cruz. The place has been the seat successively of rather numerous Japanese and Chinese colonies, and the present leaders in social and municipal affairs are of strongly Chinese extraction. The old Roman Catholic Church, the date of whose erection you may read over the entrance, 1690, is said to have been built by Chinese.

The congregation at this place has always been the strongest and most influential in the Province, tho' at present that at San Pablo surpasses it in number. It has always been among the first two or three Tagalog churches in the amount contributed to Home Missions. All three of the itinerating evangelists employed by the Station are from this church. One Pagsanjan boy is a student at Silliman, and occupies the position of steward, and is a right-hand man of the authorities, while another, formerly a Silliman student, is now an evangelist employed by the American Board Mission at Davao, on the south coast of Mindanao. A third Pagsanjan student, tho' not a member of our church, is taking a course in Agriculture in the U. S. When the work was first begun, about one hundred came over in a body from the Aglipayano church, having first broken away from Rome, but finding hardly what they were seeking in the church of their second choice. They were feeling their way and faith's quest did not rest until they came upon the church of the open Bible and the enthroned Christ. The church is now occupying its second chapel, the picture of which, in course of construction, is given herewith. It is the most costly and the most churchly church building we have in the Province. Pagsanjan is the home of the evangelist having charge of this district including Pagsanjan, Santa Cruz, Pila, Banilad, and Lumbang.

Lumbang, altogether the poorest, most backward, dirty, and hopeless town of the Province,

is situated on the river perhaps two miles below Pagsanjan, and stretches its great length along the river almost exclusively on the street. The town has been almost totally wiped out by fire three times. Sometime way back in history Pagsanjan was a part of this municipality. But the communities were so utterly different in tastes and habits that separation was inevitable. If you want some of the most beautiful hand embroidery ever seen, you will get one of the old Lumbang women to do it.

The church here is in a struggling condition, but has a good chapel recently built, and they will conquer the darkness about them.

Banilad is a little mountain barrio of Majajay, where, away off by themselves, about thirty faithful followers worship Sabbath after Sabbath, and where occasionally one is added to their number.

San Pablo is the largest town of the Province, and the most wealthy, but unlike Pagsanjan, lacking almost wholly in the culture and taste that make Pagsanjan attractive to a stranger. San Pablo is more like a man with a million dollar income and a five hundred dollar taste than the reverse. Actually the people of San Pablo have more money than they know what to do with. In the center of one of the great cacao nut regions, with an income so much larger than their wants, and untrained to large financial measures, the people present a rare anomaly. But there is unbounded energy that simply needs direction. Gambling, fighting, thieving, and drinking abound to a larger extent in San Pablo and vicinity than anywhere else in Laguna. But it is going to make a city. A water works system will soon be established. The rising generation, being educated in the schools, will acquire purpose and ambition that will teach them to make a proper use, publicly and privately, of the wealth amassed by their parents. The present Governor of the Province is from San Pablo, as well as the two leading candidates for the governorship in the last election, one of whom was officially declared elected, but his election has been contested by his fellow townsman opponent. Bless you! they are up to date in politics in Laguna. The last two gubernatorial elections have been contested. There's getting the habit. Two young men from San Pablo, one of them the son of the protesting candidate, the other a cousin of the latter, are taking courses in law in Georgetown University.

When we arrived in Laguna five years ago San Pablo was one of the weakest of the congregations. It has outstripped all the others now in growth of membership, and perhaps leads all in earnest zeal and activity. This is due first to the untiring efforts of the young man who has been for several years President of the congregation,



PART OF THE CONGREGATION AT TIAONG.



A VINE-COVERED WALL ABOUT A NATIVE HOME OF THE BETTER CLASS IN PAGSANJAN.

and who is now a student in Ellinwood Bible Seminary, and of late, in connection with the work of the latter, to the wise and intelligent oversight of the evangelist of this district whose residence is here, and whose district includes the churches in San Pablo, Santisimo Rosario, a distant barrio of San Pablo, and Tiaong. I always want to use superlatives in speaking of this young



A YOUNG FILIPINO LADY AND GENTLEMAN

man, Mr. Guillermo Abella, a son of Pagsanjan church, a graduate of Ellinwood Seminary, and fully prepared for ordination when some church or group of churches is able to call him as pastor. As a Christian, faithful, consecrated, modest; as an administrator, discerning, wise, tireless; as a preacher, studious, clear, eloquent, fearless, forceful, impassioned; this is the man who surely has before him a remarkable career of usefulness in ministry among his people. I wish you could meet him and hear him preach.

Two of the girls of this congregation are in attendance at the Ellinwood School for Girls.

Santisimo Rosario, is the little barrio lying on the outskirts of the far-flung limits of San Pablo, and on the very edge of Laguna, next to Tayabas Province. The people are all poor, not at all of the wealthy land-owning class of the town. But a group of Christians have their place of worship, a chapel recently built, where they meet every Lord's Day to bear witness to the truth that makes them free. One student of this church is a student at Ellinwood Bible Seminary, and another is at Ellinwood School for Girls.

Tiaong, is a town of Tayabas Province, which is included in Laguna Station in exchange for a town of Laguna taken over by Tayabas Station. A quiet town on the surface, but which has

elements of life both good and bad which sometimes forcibly express themselves. A recent raid on the municipal treasury of a nearby town in true Jesse James style, was led by a young scion of Tiaong, coming, it is sad to relate, of a good family and having had the training of the public schools. Two of the raiders were killed, several severely wounded, and all living were captured

and given sentences in the Insular prison. But this does not fairly represent Tiaong, and in the church here are some of the most faithful and effective workers to be found anywhere. The church has had its ups and downs. It has been torn by division due to the entrance into the community of representatives of the Disciples church insisting on immersion as the only mode of baptism, the Lord's Supper every Sabbath, and the use of the name, "Christian" only, as the designation of any organized church. But at present the work here is flourishing. The President of this congregation has had a very definite religious experience in his fight against some of his old habits which he has victoriously vanquished.

Pacte, is the coolest spot on the shore of the Lake, one of the string of towns in the northeastern corner of the Province, lying on the narrow margin of land between the low mountains on one side and the lake on the other. This lake shore district is called the Baybay, meaning, "shore" or "margin". Pacte ought to be one of the saintliest of towns, for, as one of our evangelists remarked, "Pacte is a factory of saints." They are made to order here. Hand wood carving is one of the principal industries, and is well done, but the business has fallen off in recent years, as the worship of the saints has become less

popular. Fishing and raising hemp in the mountains are the two other leading occupations. A number of young ladies of Paete have decided on nursing as a profession and are in training in Mary J. Johnston Hospital, a Methodist institution in Manila, from which three of the girls graduated last May. Scarcely anything is more needed, by the way, than an army of trained nurses to go out into the homes of the people in the Provinces and teach them by example what nursing and the care of the sick really are, and show them how to live and care for themselves.

Our church here has gathered in a large number of converts, but owing to the scarcity of labor, many of these have scattered throughout the Province and other Provinces where remunerative labor could be obtained. This has made the Paete church in a real sense a missionary church, tho' it has depleted to an extent its strength. It has an influential standing, however, in the community, and one of its members is now the Vice President of the town. One member of this church is a student at Ellinwood Seminary.

Pangil, meaning, "dog's tooth", is another Baybay town, and one in which there is not much doing. In most of these Baybay towns the spirit of the new day in the Philippines has not penetrated as deeply or taken as firm a hold as in many other places. But light is coming, the gospel light.

Pangil is one of the few places in Laguna where the Roman church has a Friar in charge of the parish.

Our church here has suffered from deaths and removal of members, as well as from strife introduced by the brethren of the Disciples church. The discussions caused a division in the already small congregation, so that at present it is exceedingly weak. When Pastor Monico Estrella, of the church in Tondo, Manila, first entered the town some years ago to preach the gospel, he found no home willing to receive him, and he slept all night on a bench in the street.

Siniloan, from "silo" meaning "trap" or "snare" is a town that is beginning to wake up and show inspirations for improvement. Heretofore well satisfied in their ignorance and squalor, a new self-consciousness and discontent with conditions are apparent. Wherever this is visible, charge it up to the gospel and the public school. Leading citizens of the place have sent in a petition to the authorities of the Mary J. Johnston Hospital, asking that one of their graduate nurses be located there. This was because this nurse, living for several weeks here during the vacation, took care of several difficult cases, and so different were the methods used from the treatment by the native "practicantes" and so successful were the results that the people at once saw the superior

wisdom of the new way. There is not a trained physician in these towns nearer than Santa Cruz across the lake, and there are hundreds of regions in the Philippines in like condition.

The members of the church here are active and faithful and have just moved into a new house of worship. One of the young men is taking the course in Ellinwood Bible Seminary, while two of the young ladies are in the Ellinwood Girls' School.

Mabitac, another Baybay town, is at the extreme northern end of the Lake. While you are yet miles out in the Lake you descry the Roman church crowning the summit of the hill overlooking the town, a spot between Siniloan and Mabitac which is reminiscent of the old insurrection days. The Filipinos under Gen. Cailles, afterward Governor of the Province, held a position on the hillside. From this vantage ground they poured a raking fire into the ranks of a company of American regulars on the lake level below, who were trying to advance to the Filipino position and struggling in water waist-deep. They suffered great slaughter and were obliged to retire before the Filipino fire.

This old Roman church is reached by a flight of 112 stone steps leading up from the main street of the town, over which this temple seems to stand, a guardian sentinel. Would that it represented a higher spiritual guardianship! On the outer wall of the church stands out in large, bold, black letters the word, "Cash", doubtless the work of some American soldier gifted with a sense of humor.

I always enjoy making a visit to the Protestant body in Mabitac, they were a company of such faithful, earnest, intelligent, and willing workers. They have shown a commendable public spirit in giving for two years free of charge the use of their chapel during the week to the public school which is greatly overcrowded in its present quarters.

Bay, the town lately occupied, is told of elsewhere. San Antonio, up the hill, above Paeta, always rewards a weary climb in strengthened muscle, renewed appetite, restful slumber, and ozonized air. Put down San Antonio for another chapel-building congregation. These people of the hills are a dependable sort.

These eighteen centers mentioned leave "much land yet to be possessed", nine towns where the gospel has no foothold, on which the soles of our feet have yet been unable to tread, simply because we are subject to human limitations, there are but twenty four hours in these Philippine days, and we are but two. These nine towns contribute a vision ever present, they utter a call ever loudly insistent, "Come over into Macedonia and help us".

In Southern Siam.

Letters from Trang,

BY

R. NETTLETON GOODWIN,

Managing Editor of "Pinang Gazette,"

On the occasion of opening a Branch Section of the
Royal Siamese Southern Line to Khao-Kao,
April, 1913.

Reprinted from the "Pinang Gazette."

IN SOUTHERN SIAM.

THE NEW RAILWAY.

A VISIT TO TRANG.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Trang, April 5.

In a week's continuous travelling, I have covered nearly 400 miles. I have visited the principal mining and agricultural districts in the Province, viewed the engineering features to the rail heads, north and east, on the main line from Tung Sawng Junction, traversed the longest tunnel, crossed the Peninsula via the Choeng Pass to Pataling on the Inland Sea, and am returning by to-day's steamer.

I am greatly impressed by the potentialities of the districts served by the Southern line, and the benefits likely to accrue to Penang by the development of this part of Siam, especially if British capital is encouraged and a liberal land policy inaugurated.

OPENING OF BRANCH LINE SECTION.

TRANG TO KHAO-KAO.

Trang, March 31.

The first complete passenger train from Trang left this morning at 9.30 and returned in the afternoon, having made a successful trial trip as far as Khao-kaeo, some thirty miles north on the Trang-Tung Sawng branch of the Siamese Royal State Railways Southern Line. The Superintendent Engineer of the Singora and Trang divisions, Mr. B. T. Knight, had intimated to the leading inhabitants that a hearty welcome awaited all who cared to travel on the train. While there was neither band nor bunting and an absence of fussy formalities the occasion was locally regarded as a notable one.

Siamese Officials.

Siamese officialdom was worthily and genially represented on the train by the acting Governor, Phya Utrakit, who brought with him his daughter Khoon Sawat and two small sons. The latter hugely enjoyed the excursion and took care to impress on their father that his next gift to them must be a locomotive and train for their exclusive use. The Deputy Governor of Trang, Luang Rachakan, and his wife and Luang Bamrap, retired Commissioner of Gendarmerie, and his wife were also on the train, together with a large number of Siamese and Chinese residents. There were two composite, first and second, carriages, seven third class

and a couple of brake vans. That at the rear was devoted to the commissariat department, over which Mr. O. Ditterich, of Pearson & Co., exercised supervision and also rendered invaluable services in other ways.

The Passengers.

At Tap Thieng, 21 kilometres out, the train was boarded by Dr. and Mrs. Duulap of the American Presbyterian Mission and Miss Christensen, bringing with them sandwiches, cakes and the other substantial portions of an appetising tiffin which was partaken of on reaching Khao-kaeo. Dr. and Mrs. Bulkeley were unable to come, otherwise the entire European population of the district would have been on the train. In addition to Mr. Knight, the following railway officials made the trip:—Mr. J. C. Dumbleton, Acting Divisional Engineer (Tung Sawng Division) Mr. J. C. Malony, Section Engineer, Trang branch, Mr. R. K. Cornish Bowden, Assistant Chief Mechanical Engineer, and Mr. Poulson, Station Master, Trang. The engine driver was Mr. B. W. Jacobs.

Public Interest.

Between Trang and Khao-kaeo there are four stations. These are neat wooden structures and will look well when covered with a coat of yellow paint, picked out with chocolate, like the station at Trang. At Tap Thieng and Khao-kaeo there were fairly big crowds of lookers-on and groups gathered along the line to see the train pass. Doubtless the popular interest would have been greater if railway travelling had not lost its novelty owing to the construction trains having carried passengers for some months past, the trucks being provided with moveable seats and a wooden roof. So popular has this method of travelling been that no less a sum than Thls. 66,000 has been collected in fares on the Trang section in the last fifteen months while the line has been still under construction.

The Country Traversed.

The railroad runs through a comparatively flat country up to Lamrah, 35 kilometres north intersected by numerous small streams. The only bridge of any significance is that at Lamrah, one of 60 metres span; the iron work came from the Cleveland Bridge Co. In the wet season the low lying land is subject to flooding and the embankments are plentifully supplied with culverts. There are

miles of paddy land on either side of the land, especially near Tap Thieng, besides old pepper gardens (a good many of the latter showing signs of neglect) and some coconut and nutmeg plantations. Several clearings for rubber were also noticed and plenty of land awaits opening up.

A fine view of the line could be got from the observation platform at the rear of the brake van. There were several long straight stretches of track and few curves. Those encountered were nicely rounded by the train and there was an agreeable absence of noise or jolting. The 9 metre long 50 lb. steel rails are fixed to excellent sleepers, all got from the adjoining forests as well as the bridge timbers. The ballasting was good and the general aspect of the line distinctly favourable.

Engine No. 13.

No untoward incidents marred the enjoyable character of the trip. But there was a curious disinclination on the part of the train to enter Tap Thieng on both the out and return journey. A quarter of a mile from the station on the outward trip the train was brought to a sudden stand still by the application of the through vacuum brakes. One of the "boys" in the commissariat van was arraigned as the guilty party. He is suspected to have been explaining the system to some of his friends and "touched" the sensitive brake a little too hard. Anyhow the incident provided an excellent practical demonstration of the brake's efficiency. The other unauthorised stop was due to a heated bearing on the engine. The locomotive bore the unlucky No. 13, and the slight delay that occurred was a very small penalty to pay for thus tempting fate. So said some of the passengers, in a teasing mood, to the engineers, who, however, would hear nothing of such nonsense.

Notable Absentees.

All those who had started out from Trang and others who joined for the return trip were brought safe and sound to their destinations and everybody was delighted with the day's outing. There was no speechifying, and the occasion was shorn of some of the ceremonial importance that would have doubtless attached to it through the unavoidable absence of H.E. the High Commissioner Phya Rasada (Mr. Sim Bee) and the Governor, Phra Satharn (Mr. Khaw Joo Keat), victims of the shooting outrage a few weeks ago, now under treatment in Penang. Both would have taken a foremost part in the opening proceedings. Mr. H. Gittins, the Controlling Engineer, would also have been welcomed. Mr. Knight, who is responsible for the division, however, proved a host in himself, and he and his assistants were warmly congratulated by those who had participated in the "joy ride."

Interview with Acting Governor.

In the course of a conversation with the Acting Governor of Trang, Phya Utrakit, a kindly, dignified Siamese official of the old school, that gentlemen asked me to express his gratification at the success of the trial trip and the pleasure it had afforded him. He thought Mr. Knight, and the engineers who had helped in the

construction of the section, deserved all the kind things that could possibly be said about men who had laboured hard and surmounted many obstacles. The perseverance, patience and executive ability displayed by Mr. Knight called for very special praise. He considered the line itself and the appearance and comfort of the carriages on the train compared most favourably with his recollection of affairs on the northern Siamese railway line.

Advantages expected from the Railway.

He had great faith in the future of the province, and the railway would play an important part in the development of its resources. It would assist in the more active and closer co-operation of the ruling classes and the people and would aid materially efforts to advance the interests of the agricultural population. Commercially the railway would provide means of communication, much needed, for bringing the products of the interior to good markets and ports, and he anticipated a very substantial increase of trade when the remainder of the southern line was completed.

The Acting Governor has been good enough to offer me facilities for travelling by motor over other parts of the Province, and the railway officials have also kindly given me permission to inspect portions of the line north of Khao-kae still under construction. As it is impossible to return to Penang by steamer for several days I am hoping to make good use of the opportunities now open to me for seeing more of this interesting country and gauging its possibilities of development.

THE SEA-TRIP.

SOME IMPRESSIONS.

Trang, April 5.

The intending visitor to Trang from Penang has little chance of getting there unless he avails himself of the steamer facilities provided by the enterprise of the Eastern Shipping Co. It is really too bad that strangers should be discouraged from making the trip by misleading statements which appear in ostensibly reliable and up-to-date publications like the recently published Handbook on Siam by Mr. W. A. Graham, M.R.A.S. There is much of value and interest about Siam's history, commerce, etc., to be found in the Handbook; but, in view of the thoroughly enjoyable trip which I have just made in the Eastern Shipping Coy's steamer *Trang*, I am impelled to strongly protest against Mr. Graham's apparent attempt to "hoo" one company at the expense of another. I would, moreover, express the hope that in the next edition of his, in many respects, excellent Handbook, he will delete the following passage which is altogether inapplicable to existing conditions in regard to Trang.

This is what Mr. Graham has to say in the chapter on "Communications":—
"The Eastern Shipping Co., Ltd., a Penang concern, maintain a regular service of sea going launches of very ancient construction and almost inconceivable filthiness, with the coast towns of

"Satun, Palcan, and a few places further north. The rapid growth of trade on this coast within the last two or three years has attracted the attention of Singapore shipping companies and the Straits Steamship Co., Ltd., probably the most ably managed and most prosperous shipping concern in this part of the world, is making an effort to secure a share of the traffic between Singapore, Penang and the Siamese coast towns, more especially Trang, the terminus of the trade routes across the peninsula and the centre of a growing tin mining industry."

Steamer Service.

The above references, as applied to present steamship communication with Trang, are positively libellous. I cannot speak from personal experience of the *Tong Chay Un Mari Austin, Vidar, Deli* and other older boats of the E. S. Co.; but the ss. *Trang*, which is now on the run leaves little to be desired. Since leaving the Co.'s own shipbuilding yards on the Prai River, not quite a year ago, the *Trang* has maintained a regular direct service (three trips a fortnight) between Trang and Penang and appears eminently adapted for the work, though a few feet added to her length would have been an advantage. With a registered tonnage of 75 tons, 111 feet long by 22 wide, 45 h.p. engines developing a speed of 9 knots, the boat has ample accommodation for some 140 deck and twelve saloon passengers.

"State Rooms."

The latter find accommodation not in ordinary "cabins," but in two berth "state rooms." American millionaires going across to Trang to look for a field of investment will thus be immediately set at ease. They will find, too, a clean and well ventilated saloon fitted with electric lights and fans which are also installed in each "state room." Even the fastidious taste of Mr. Graham is unlikely to be upset by the catering if he is content with plain, well cooked food; and an old naval man like Capt. Lingard may be trusted to tolerate no dirt or slackness on his natty little steamer. Saloon passenger accommodation is apt to be strained and a bit mixed at times like the present, when irksome quarantine regulations can be avoided by the simple expedient of travelling first-class; and the provision of an extra and larger bathroom is about the only suggestion for improvement I can think of offering the management. When the tides are favourable for proceeding up or down the Trang river the steamer makes the passage in 16 hours. She leaves Penang every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday: the exact sailing hours vary but early information is always available at the Coy's office.

Lovely Seascapes.

The captain usually arranges that he shall near Trang in day-light on account of the risks run by craft owing to the rocks, islands and shoals that abound in these waters. From a scenic point of view there are few short sea trips of greater

interest and beauty to be taken from the port of Penang. Not only is the palm fringed coast line of Kedah, Perlis and Siam with its mountainous back-ground always within sight, but, after the Lankawi Islands are neared, there is an almost countless succession of rocky risings from the deep, of varying sizes, shapes and heights; some clad with a thick mantle of tropical evergreen and showing streaks of golden sand at their base; others ascending sheer from the sea, displaying the bare limestone cliffs, honey combed by caves, but all, in their several ways, wonderfully picturesque and making one loath to leave the deck for fear of missing some delightful aspect of the lovely sea-scape.

Deceptive Islets.

Frequently over a dozen islets are within easy sight of the ship. Between Lankawi (British) and Pulo Terutan (Siamese), the Butang group are visible and clustering round Pulau Mulum are a number of islets which include the Perse Rock, so called from a steamer of that name having been wrecked upon it several years ago. "Darby and Joan," as the names suggest, are a pair of similar looking islands, divided by a narrow channel. They are some 700 feet high. The islands take deceptive forms. Pulo Kapai, for instance, 1,250 feet in height, is a long, thin, serrated body of rock which in the distance looks like a junk in full sail; and a big slip on the northern end gives the impression of a huge open mouthed alligator.

Save for the confidence inspired by Capt. Lingard's years of experience in these waters, nervous passengers, seeing so many rocks ahead and around might be pardoned for feeling some qualms; and their peace of mind would not be increased were they to read on the 1911 edition of the British Admiralty chart the following caution:—"The coast between Lem Hua Nek and Langkawi Islands must be approached with caution as that part of the chart is compiled from imperfect sketch surveys and cannot be relied on."

Dangerous Rocks.

As a matter of fact on the way to Trang there are many rocks actually showing above the surface which are uncharted, to say nothing of several invisible ones of great danger. This is especially true of a regular string of rocks, several miles out to sea, guarding, as it were, the entrance to the Trang river. There is a half mile channel 18 feet deep at high water between them, but, as the protruding ribs of an unfortunate rail laden junk bear melancholy witness, it is not every steersman who can safely find it. On some of the more dangerous rocks ham-boos have been stuck; but to get into the Trang river, quite apart from the bars, needs a lot of zigzagging and careful navigation. To the north west of the mouth of the Trang river is the island of Pulo Telibong with a 1,000 feet peak and a configuration reminiscent of Penang, especially in the spit of land whereon a fishing village and customs station are situated. The chart, with commendable caution, states that "The Trang river is

said to be navigable for vessels of 12 ft. draught for 16 miles up the river." This would carry navigation to a point beyond the present port of Trang, which is a comparatively new location (locally called Gantung) and is four or five miles nearer the month than the original town.

The Port's Approaches.

Notwithstanding this move, which naturally gives more water for steamers, the present approaches are anything but satisfactory, and an extensive dredging scheme is imperatively called for if Siamese hopes of the port's expansion are ever to be realised. This, I believe, is in contemplation. Trang is about 12 miles up the river. There appears to be two bars. One is encountered just after passing Pulu Telibong, three miles beyond the string of rocks before referred to, and the other is only a couple of miles from the jetty, a very short distance below the sharp turn which has to be taken up the creek which leads to Trang itself. As a warning to unwary or reckless navigators, inclined to regard lightly the dangers of the river, the neighbourhood of the bar is advertised by the wreck of a Singapore steamer *The Sultan*. Three years ago the vessel coming down mid stream ran aground at a bend, a broken back spoilt all chance of salvage, and there she lies, her painted name clearly distinguishable, with rusty smoke stack and weather worn deck roofing still standing, but a sad depressing spectacle withal and one which ought to be speedily removed from sight.

Crossing the Bar.

The enter bar has 12 to 13 feet of water at spring tides and usually only 3 or 4 at low water, the rise and fall being from 7 to 9 feet. The second bar has 11 ft. at the highest water. The s.s. *Trang* draws but 8 ft. when fully loaded, but the captain takes no liberties with her, and on the outward trip we anchored a couple of hours for a rise sufficient to carry us over the second bar in safety with half a foot to spare. The chartered boat *Chantaboon* of 500 tons and drawing 9 feet has made frequent trips with railway material from Penang. She rests on the mud alongside the wharf at low water. She is, I understand, the highest steamer to reach Trang so far, and is a substantial advance on the s.s. *Trang*, but it requires a huge slice of optimism to support those who look ahead to a time when ocean liners will be discharging and taking on cargo at the railway wharf. Ere then a lot of water must run down the Trang river; but there is still scope for great developments without needily forcing the pace or starting on ultra-expensive and impossible schemes.

The Wharves.

There are two wharves at Trang. The Government wharf is used for the officials, landing from the High Commissioner's steam yacht, and the other by the Eastern Shipping Coy's steamers. At a push a couple can be accommodated and there is talk of extension, Messrs. H. Pearson & Co., Agents of the Eastern Shipping

Coy, use the godown on the wharf, which is also to be extended, and their recently erected store for general merchandise is close at hand on the riverside street under the charge of the resident partner Mr. O. Ditterich. When the steamer is in port the wharf presents a busy scene discharging stores from Penang or taking on timber, pigs, damar oil, poultry and other country products. At the time of our departure the s.s. *Mary Austin* was also lying in the stream, having come in from coastal ports Gerhi-way awaiting a load of railway sleepers, piles of which lay on the river banks. Both the F.M.S. railways and the Deli railways take these sleepers and I heard of one contractor getting rather anxious about his ability to deliver in time 120,000 sleepers on order for the Sumatra lines.

The Town.

My first impressions of Trang on getting ashore were distinctly unfavourable. The long row of flimsy, inflammable structures in which the trading community, chiefly Chinese, have packed themselves are badly constructed and are raised over a stinking morass. Though no cases of cholera have been reported for a month the disease is said to be endemic, and it seemed miraculous that human beings could preserve their health for long amid such insanitary surroundings. Much of the trouble is traceable to the drinking of unboiled, unfiltered river water. The provision of a water supply and the filling in and draining of the riverside region are matters that call for the urgent attention of the authorities if they are concerned in keeping a healthy population and removing the need for discriminating quarantine restrictions against Trang. Folk who think the only effective cure for Trang's sins against sanitary laws is a good blaze will doubtless hear with regret of the recent purchase, the result of a subscription list circulated among the traders, of a small manual fire engine.

The Gaol Zoo

The gaol, which I only know from the outside, is surrounded by a stockade, and the prisoners, wearing linked leg irons, do a lot of useful work carpentering, scavenging, gardening, etc. They have a small Zoo beside the gaol with separate cages for a tiger, a black panther, spotted leopard and tiger cat. The larger animals constitute Trang's substitute for a lethal chamber. Dogs form a regular article of dietary for Mr. Stripes. Perhaps it was just as well that on the occasion of my visit no mangy pariah figured on the menu. The tiger's keeper, a prisoner, was on very friendly terms with his charge and the dog-eater allowed its head to be scratched and purred meanwhile like a huge cat.

Redeeming Features.

Further acquaintance with the place redeemed its reputation as a really splendid site for a town. Away from the river there is good elevated ground for any number of houses. There are several hillocks not more than 100 feet high, eminently adapted for bungalow sites. Some have already been cleared for rubber and for Government buildings, and on the hill side, with a lake in front, are a pretty set of detached Rest Houses,

whose green and white exteriors harmonise with their park-like environment. This residential quarter is in proximity to the railway station and if the planning of the place is only taken scientifically in hand Trang should easily become a model Siamese town.

WITH THE RAILWAY MAKERS.

TRAMP THROUGH A TUNNEL.

Trang, April 3.

In attempting to describe some of the work that is being done on the Siamese Southern line it would have greatly aided readers of these letters if they had set before them a sketch map of the district through which the railway will run. Those who take more than a casual interest in the subject will doubtless provide themselves with one. But it is necessary that I should sound a note of warning. Some of the maps, that, for instance, in Mr. Graham's *Hand-Book on Siam*, 1912 edition, give an erroneous idea of the route the trans-peninsular trains will take. The map in the *Hand-Book* shows the connection between Trang and the east-coast main line to be by means of a branch from Trang practically driven direct across the Choeng pass to Patalung on the shores of the Inland Sea.

An Abandoned Scheme.

This was originally intended, after the first surveys; but the scheme was abandoned: partly, I believe, because of the expense, the comparatively difficult grading to take a line through the pass and the risks of blocks in wet weather. It would have entailed a branch of less than 60 miles thus to connect Trang and Thah Thieng with the main east-coast line at Patalung; whereas the route eventually decided on means a greatly increased mileage. A passenger from Singora to Trang, I roughly calculate, will travel at least 100 miles further than if the original plans had been carried out, seeing that he will have to go north from Patalung to Raopibun then across through the tunnel to Tang Sawng before he can drop south by way of Khao-Kao and Thap Thieng to Trang.

A Mistaken Notion.

I emphasise this point at the risk of being thought tedious, because before going to Trang I had a notion, confirmed by a glance at the map in Mr. Graham's hand book, that the Singora-Trang connection was a relatively simple thing and that the trans-peninsular branch between the two ports, after making allowances for the lie of the country, took an almost straight course from Patalung. I realised my mistake after seeing with my own eyes a goodly part of the railway system under construction in the district.

In a previous letter I described the opening of the section from Trang to Khao-kao (white mountain) 31 miles north. I should then have stated that on the continuation of the line, which extends 27 miles further on to Tang Sawng junction, construction trains have been running

for some time. The whole section of 93 kls. from Trang to the junction will be opened for traffic, it is expected, about three months hence.

Tung Sawng Junction.

I motored from Trang to Tung Sawng in a smooth running 12 h. p. French car, kindly placed at my disposal by H.E. the Acting Governor. Three weeks ago a fire devastated the market and burnt to the ground over 100 houses which had been erected within the last three years. The blackened site told a tale of the fierce flames that swept over the place and wiped it out in a few minutes. One sick man and a couple of buffaloes were roasted to death, I was informed, before rescuers could get to them.

The station is practically finished and the engine sheds and turn table well in hand. There is a probability of the Railway Work shops being located here, and it is bound to become a pretty busy centre. There are plenty of rice fields around and lots of good land available. From Tung Sawng one gets a splendid view of the mountain peaks to the east which tower well over 5000 feet and behind which lies Nakhon Sritamarat (or Lakhon) near a port which but for its exposed position at certain periods of the year would eclipse Singora. As a matter of fact some people seemed to think the latter port likely to profit little by the railway.

Trolleying to Rail Head.

Rail-head north from Tung Sawng is some 6 miles out, and I trolleyed that distance with one of the construction engineers who has had experience in building Indian railroads. To relieve the monotony of jungle existence, I noticed that he was bearing in his mail a big budget of *Daily Telegraphs*—fat pages of good, solid reading in every issue: none of your scrappy, tabloid journalism for my friend the engineer! The method of progression used on the trolley was that of the patent bamboo plunger. A nicked length of bamboo worked up and down by the coolies on a knob, protruding from a wheel on either side, acted like a crank. The coolies stood on the trolley, and quite a fair rate of speed was maintained, especially on the declivities, down which we rushed at a rate which made me wonder what was likely to happen if we jumped the rails or came to an unbridged opening. Fortunately we did neither. The track mostly runs through dense thickets of bamboo—a fine chance for the paper maker. The population is very sparse. Further on towards Bandon are miles and miles of forest land, and thence come the hard timber. Even logs of rose wood are used for the bridge work and in some cases for sleepers. From the East Asiatic Coy's forest concession, I understand, the Railway have permission to cut 1000 rosewood trees if necessary.

The Tunnel.

Sleeping the night at Tung Sawng in Mr. Dumbleton's bungalow, I was up bright and early to see the tunnel and the line through the pass. The tunnel is about the middle of the ten miles bit of line which

runs almost due east from Tung Sawng to Ranpibun. Both from an engineering and a scenic point of view this stretch is far and away the most interesting on the whole line and I am glad I had the chance of seeing it. We were pushed in a truck by a construction engine part of the way and trolleyed and walked the rest. The rise of 150 feet from the junction to the summit is gradual. The tunnel is a little way over the top. Before reaching it we passed over numerous small bridges, made our way through several deep cuttings and crossed some fairly high embankments and long fillings. The scenery is very pretty.

A Malarious Zone.

I was shocked to hear one of the most picturesque spots, with a puling stream running through a delightful looking glade, described as the haunt of a devil, because the engineers who tried to live there were all attacked by fever. Malaria is prevalent throughout the tunnel zone. The tunnel has been driven through a spur of the hills and was decided on in order to get a better line than would have been got by going round the spur following the cart road through the pass. Much heavier trains can be pulled by one engine on the selected grade, and this idea has been kept generally in view in making the line. The first sods on the section were turned at Trang and Singora on the 15th September, 1909, but a couple of years elapsed before the tunnel was taken seriously in hand. An Italian contractor started on it, but he fell ill and the main work has been done departmentally under the personal supervision of Mr. C. J. Dumbleton, the Acting Divisional Engineer, who deserves the utmost credit for what he has accomplished on a very tricky and difficult stretch of line-making.

A Busy Spot.

The vicinity of the tunnel presents a busy scene not unlike a mine head. What looks a mere toy engine is observed puffing along one of Kopel's temporary narrow gauge lines laid for carrying off the debris, gangs of coolies are busy preparing concrete for the tunnel roof, blacksmiths are seen sharpening drills and carpenters getting ready props and planks. The tunnel is 250 yards long and is being constructed on the Belgian system. The upper heading of the tunnel was first cut by Laos, northern Siamese tribesmen, and the coolies, working from both ends, met in the centre last December. Now the task of taking out the bottom portions and widening to a size $5\frac{1}{2}$ metres high by 5 metres broad is proceeding and Chinese masons are putting in from the entrance a thick concreted archway until the solid rock is reached.

Curious Limestone Caverns.

The hill is composed of slate and limestone, and it is curious that when making the heading the tunnelers came upon, in the centre of the hill, a sort of cavern, the size of a fairly big room at the base and narrowing into a five thirty feet high. Further along the tunnel, but more to the side, another of these cavities was discovered. Unfortunately the hand lamp was

carried to guide our steps over lumps of rocks and loose planks burnt dimly and I did not get the illumination I should have liked for examining the caverns, although the Italian foreman accompanying us also struck several matches as kindly flickering aids to our visionary powers. A draught of cool air blows through the tunnel. The chief risk run was that of falling in walking along the heading while peering with eyes on the floor to avoid stumbling over some obstacle. I several times forgot to bob my head and got bumps to remind me of the lowly posture recommended for such an excursion. Truth compels the admission that the experience was devoid of accidental or sensational happening.

The Eastern Entrance.

At the Ranpibun entrance the scenery is very beautiful and the side of the hill is covered with a perfect forest of wild bananas. A big gap, fifty feet deep at least, has to be filled and a lot of work done on a deep rock cutting a little further on. Tramway rails hang over the end of another high embankment thrown across a valley and a little stream which now trickles through doubtless becomes a raging torrent in the rains. A culvert has to be constructed before much further advance can be made.

The back of this difficult piece of engineering work through the pass has certainly been broken; but it seems a very optimistic forecast that puts the date of completion for the end of the present year. For some time to come, it seems to me, the line in the neighbourhood of the tunnel will need the most careful watching as the district is subject to frequent heavy rains. Appearances in regard to banks and cuttings indicate Mr. Dumbleton's thoroughness and point to every possible precaution having been taken to prevent landslips; but I should not be surprised if some of the Taiping Pass experiences are repeated here before things permanently settle down.

A Rich District.

About six miles on the east side of the tunnel is Ranpibun from whence a short branch runs north to Nakhon Sri Tamarat, the centre of a very rich agricultural and stock raising district. It is reputed to be excellent for coconuts and much of the trade will doubtless be diverted to Trang. Around Ranpibun are tin deposits and mining has been pursued by the Chinese for years. Now European prospectors are on the scene; and I heard of two or three fairly large schemes, embracing modern pumps and machinery, which are likely to come into being shortly.

Southward from Ranpibun, passing through Patalung, the main line goes to Otapa, the junction for Singora, and thence to the Kelantan border where it joins the F.M.S. system. It is anticipated that the Trang and Singora sections, including the pass, will be completed by the end of the year. As I have already described, rails are laid from Trang practically up to the tunnel and on the other side work is also well advanced. I have seen a construction train at Patalung start for Sin-

gora. The earth work is finished on the branch from Ranpibun to Nakon, and south of Ootapa 70 kls. of line is completed to Chana on the Patani borders.

Much Work Ahead.

There is, however, an immense amount of construction work north of the railroad above Tung Sawng. Work is going on at several points, much of it through jungle and hitherto unopened lands, and there is a chance that the whole of the southern line will be opened for traffic three years hence. Some even give the date of the first through train from Trang to Bangkok as 1915, and I know that strenuous efforts are being made to complete the line by then. But much depends upon the weather and also on the labour forces.

The Siamese work intermittently and it is well nigh impossible, despite daily average wages of 3/4 of a tikal to keep full gangs to their jobs. Skilled labour is very scarce and the Chinese on the bridges etc., will not look at contract work that does not bring in a minimum of two tikals a day. The engineers, British, German and Italian, are pulling together most harmoniously, so far I could gather, and it will not be the fault of men like Mr. Gittins, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Dumbleton if the Southern line is not ready at the stipulated time.

More Southern Line Details.

As an addendum to what I have written above, the result of my own observations and enquiries, I take the liberty of extracting from the 1913 edition of the *Bangkok Times* Directory of Siam the following interesting particulars about the Southern line, which I presume may be accepted as more or less official:—

The line known as the Southern Line is a continuation of the metre gauge from Petchaburi and will have a terminus on the west coast at Trang, and a connection with the F.M.S. on the Kelantan boundary. Commencing at Petchaburi it runs almost due south to Bandon via Bangtaphan, Chumpon and Langsuan.

From Bandon it continues on to Tung Sawng, where the line bifurcates, the western branch continuing on to the terminus at Trang, and the eastern to the Kelantan boundary, via Patalung, Singora junction, Yala and Rangah to the boundary.

This eastern line will have two short junction lines; one of 28 kms. in length to Singora, and one of 30 kms. to Nakon Sritamarat. The length of the direct line from Petchaburi to the Kelantan boundary is estimated to be kms. 970, and from Petchaburi to Trang kms. 676.

Trang will be the port for Penang, from which it is distant 220 kms. by sea. It is expected that the train journey from Bangkok to Trang will occupy about 18 hours, and then with a 10 knot boat from Trang to Penang would make about 30 hours for the whole journey, say 2 days and a half as against 6 or 8 now taken by sea.

The construction of the line commenced in September 1909 at 3 points, viz. Petchaburi, Singora and Trang, and it is expected to complete the whole line by the year 1915. The line is a Government line built Departmentally under the direction of the Minister of Ways and Communications and is expected to cost about Tcs. 58,000,000.

The first Section of this line, from Petchaburi to Cha Ahm, a distance of 37 kms was opened for traffic in June 1911, and a further section of 25 kms. to Ban Hua Hin in November 1911. Total open to traffic, kms. 62.

The line will tap a population of over 1½ millions, and open up a large tract of country for cattle grazing, paddy growing, rubber planting and other tropical productions. It will likewise assist tin mining now carried on in many places and increase the possibility of the working of other minerals. Gold, wolfram, coal, etc., are said to exist in several districts. The mail service to Europe via Trang and Penang will be accelerated by 3 or 4 days.

The Monthons of Puket, Nakon Sritamarat, Patani and Chumpon are all busy laying down roads to connect the outlying towns with the railway, and this work, and the construction of the necessary bridges steadily progresses year by year.

TRANG TO PATALUNG.

BY CAR ACROSS THE PENINSULA.

EXPLORING TEMPLE CAVES.

Trang, April 4.

The opportunity presented itself to accompany the acting Governor on a motor trip to Patalung through the Pass. Two ladies also formed members of the party. Naturally I eagerly availed myself of the chance of joining in the excursion.

The first part of the road from Trang through Thap Thieng is on the level, through miles of paddy fields, now bare of their crops, pepper gardens, showing signs of neglect, and the usual native cultivations: some of the compounds in the last mentioned village are surrounded by tall hedges, ten feet high, of wild tea bushes, which make an excellent fence. Further along, I noted acres of land on either side of the road planted or to be planted with rubber for which this part of the district seems excellently suited. Phya Rasada has improved the road through the Pass immensely and made it possible for motor traffic, but there were agricultural settlements in Trang at the time of the Indians and the route to Patalung through Trang was probably one of the important trade routes across the Peninsula hundreds of years ago. The mountain passes are not high, and local traditions are to the effect that the Indians who first settled in Trang subsequently passed over to the Patalung side possibly on account of hostile incursions from Sumatra into Trang.

Stopping Places.

A ten miles run from Thap Thieng brought us to Cheng at the foot of the hills, where on a slight eminence is built a Royal rest house surmounted by the King's coat of arms emblazoned above the porch and with minor buildings of similar character standing among trees in the park. This is another instance of Phya Rasada's alertness to recognise and utilise to the best the advantages of a good natural situation. The undergrowth has been cut but in the well kept turf forest trees still stand in sufficient numbers to afford shade and provide a delicate tracery through which to gaze on the many lovely vistas, in which a little artificial lake and a streamlet have been given artistic place.

It is a delightful bit of landscape gardening and vies with that which Phya Utrakit, as Governor of Patalung, (before his temporary transfer to Trang) took in hand at Nawang six miles beyond, on the eastern

side of the pass, only a year ago. Here, too, the same real art has been shown in preserving and revealing natural beauties, by pruning the wildness of the jungle and giving an exquisite setting to the Rest Houses with their back-ground of hills. The situation ought to ensure the constant occupation of the buildings. The main building had been got ready for the reception of the Queen Mother, who stopped a few hours only last August, and the furnishing is most tasteful. At the entrance to the grounds, a pretty motor-shed has been erected, sufficient, if needs be to shelter a score of cars. There is generally a serpent in every Paradise and, in addition to snakes, tigers have a habit of roaming through the grounds and a rat has lately copied their example. Perhaps I ought to explain that rat is the Siamese name for a rhinoceros, and the occurrence therefore deserves noting.

Rest Houses.

Rest-houses are a distinctive feature in Siam, and no district, I am informed and can well believe, is better served than that of Trang. The buildings may not have the same quality of permanence as those in the F.M.S., but they are far more attractive looking. They are erected in parks, some little distance apart, usually with a couple of bedrooms in each, with a dining-room and large veranda. Lightly built on wooden supports, with split cane woven paneled sides, painted white and green, and good atap roofs, they wear an aspect of charming rusticity. I secured the endorsement of a young lady of extensive travels to the suggestion that the Pass Rest Houses would be simply ideal for a honeymoon. So far they are mainly being used by royalty and high officials, but there is no difficulty about the travelling public obtaining their use, even for a week or more, by applying to the proper authorities. For the common folk there is a superabundance of rest houses along the roadside.

Every few miles on the main roads huge roofed structures stretch picturesquely across, under which vehicles and beasts can take shelter from the sun or rain, while platforms on either side provide resting places for tired humanity. The energetic European may regard the provisions afforded for taking it easy rather overdone in Siam; and it is certainly open to debate how far the numerous rest houses are necessary aids to recuperation after exertion and to what extent they act as suggestive inducements to national indolence. The further discussion of this interesting problem, however, can stand over.

Scenic Delights.

Readers will doubtless also wish to be spared rhapsodies over the exceptional loveliness of the road through the pass, which for the greater part of the way follows the courses of streams, one on either side of the water shed. These chase over rocky beds and form here frothing cascades and there deep pools, of which we get transient peeps as the car zigzags along the road, twisting and turning in a way which must be most alarming to those afflicted with nerves.

All around a riotous prodigality of tropical vegetation, in its richest, rarest, most beautiful forms, ravishes the eye and fills the minds of admirers of nature with feelings of profound delight. From such like transports we were brought to earth by the discovery, a few miles beyond Nawang, that a bridge was "up" to an extent that required our descent from the car and the aid of our shoulder to help to push it over some planks.

The Inland Sea.

This safely accomplished the journey was resumed and soon we were feeling the appreciably warmer air of the eastern plains and noticing that in the paddy fields the crops, unlike those in the Trang district, were still for the most part unharvested. Striking the eastern main line a mile or two west of Patalung, with a construction train at the crossing, we pass at the foot of a huge limestone crag on the crest of which is perched a pagoda. To reach it is accounted an act of merit we prefer to forego, and in a few minutes more are seated round the hospitable table of the Governor, whose casuarina embowered dwelling stands on the shores of the inland sea. This sheet of shallow water is often lashed by storms into furious waves. Fifteen miles long, it is separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of low lying jungle land, but there are narrow openings giving communication with the sea at the north and south ends. Little sailing boats and islets stand the surface, the precipitous rocks near Singora are plainly visible far away to the south, and my first view of the inland sea furnishes wholly pleasurable associations.

At four we make a start on the return journey, making good speed through the Pass to avoid being caught in the dark, when motoring there would be risky however skilled the driver. A couple of hours later find us at Thap Thieng safely ensconced under the hospitable roof of the veteran American Presbyterian Missionary, Dr. Dunlap, whose labours in Siam extend over a period of 38 long years. Thence, after a cup of tea, we start with lighted lamps on the sixteen mile run to Trang, dinner and bed.

TEMPLE CAVES.

A striking feature of Trang and district, characteristic, moreover, of the greater part of the Peninsula, is the occurrence, miles inland as well as near the coast, of huge precipitous limestone rocks which often rear themselves like monoliths in the midst of wide stretches of paddy land. For a comparatively new comer I am gaining quite a wide acquaintance with these rocks and particularly of the immense caves which most of them contain. Some, in fact, are mere hollow shells, and one wonders why they do not collapse. Starting with the Batu Caves at Kuala Lumpur, the Chinese Cave temple, outside Ipoh, and the Elephant Hill caves near Alor Star and Guano caves of Perlis my troglodytic experiences in the Peninsula now include some of the caves of Trang. I give the palm to Kedah and Perlis caves on account of

their extent, their wonderful stalactites and the magnificent cathedral dome like interiors of the larger caverns.

Ancient Clay Tablets.

But the caves in Trang have their distinctive interest and are, in the language of the guide-book, well worth a visit, especially by any one with a taste for archaeology. I grubbed about in the Perlis caves and found nothing but shells and bones, but in a cave about forty miles out of Trang and six from Khoo-koa Rest Houses called Wat Harn I got some portions of clay tablets, which are said to be at least 800 years old. The entrance is on a level with the ground and the cave penetrates only a few yards into the hill. It contains a gigantic sleeping Buddha and dozens of smaller ones in an upright posture, most of them much the worse for the passage of time. Around the temple are the dwellings of the Buddhist priests and on the occasion of our visit a child's cremation ceremony was in preparation. Split bamboo paper-covered pagoda shaped arrangements were being made. It was curious to note that to this distant spot old copies of the London *Daily Mail* had found their way and served as a base for pasting the coloured tissues upon.

Their Interesting Origin.

The existence of the clay tablets to which I have referred has long been known, and the only doubt we as a party felt was that they might all have been removed, especially as the present King, when Crown Prince, had caused the place to be dug over and had the best specimens carried off to Bangkok. The "natives" had evidently seen our kind before. Boys drifted into our assistance with torches and sticks, and soon we were all busily employed stirring up the ancient bat deposit and rubbish that had accumulated through the centuries in certain dark corners close to the cave's entrance. In the midst of our gropings a growl from the back of the cave sent darting through the mind fears of a wild tiger about to pounce on the disturbers of its den. It was a false alarm—only a pariah bitch and her pups; and our search proceeded. We were rewarded by the finding of quite a number of broken tablets, and the priests offered no objection to our carrying them off. The local superstition with regard to these clay tablets is that they are made by the "spirits" and that no matter how many tablets may be removed from the caves the spirits make new ones to take their place. This probably accounts for the readiness of the natives to assist in the search for the tablets. If the demand by curious hunters willing to pay for specimen tablets continues I personally should feel no surprise at finding modern enterprise in the locality fully equal to keeping up the supplies.

Expert Opinions.

Being merely an amateur archaeologist I cannot vouch for authenticity or otherwise of the tablets; but I have been lent a copy of *The Journal of the Siam Society* for April 1906, in which the late Mr. W. Walter Ronke, who was in the Siamese Government Mining Department, publishes "some

archaeological notes on Monthon Puket." Writing on Indian remains to be found in Trang, he says that they are of considerable interest.

They consist of certain unbaked clay sacrificial tablets found in limestone caves and of the remains of the brickwork of ancient temples. These unbaked clay tablets, which are known locally as "Pra Kim" literally "stamped images" are flat in shape ranging from about 3 inches to 5 inches long from 2 in. to 3 in wide and about 1 in. thick. They have been stamped on one side with figures of Indian divinities or of Buddhas and on the back in some cases with Buddhist texts in Sanscrit characters. They are found put face to face and laid in rows in great numbers. In the caves at Wat Harn and Tam Kow Sai, which caves are situated not very far from the Trang river, north of Konstanti. They must have lain undisturbed in those caves for a very long period of time for they are all covered up by a deposit of bat guano. It was owing to the Chinese pepper planters working these bat guano deposits in the limestone caves that the existence of these clay tablets first became known. When first taken from the cave the tablets are quite wet and soft but soon harden in the sun. There are four different kinds of clay tablets in the cave at Wat Harn, and over six different kinds in the cave at Tam Kow Sai. The tablets from the cave at Tam Kow Sai are different to those from the cave at Wat Harn. From the type of the Sanscrit character employed Colonel Gorini places their approximate age at about 800 years or about the 11th Century.

Mr. W. A. Graham's *Handbook on Siam* says that specimens of these clay-tablets have been examined by the British Museum authorities.

They are pronounced to date from the twelfth century and to be identical in appearance with tablets from Kashmir, Tibet, and parts of North West India where also they are found on the floors of caves. It seems probable that the tablets may have been brought back from India by returning pilgrims and deposited in the caves for safe preservation or perhaps as offerings to local shrines, the occurrence of presentments of the Buddha and of Brahman gods indicating that the said pilgrims probably offered their devotions, impartially to the older religion and the newer cult.

Another Cave.

In the same neighbourhood as the cave alluded to above there is another but, so far as has been ascertained, not containing clay tablets. This cave, which we visited, is near the village of Tah-Padoo 10 miles from Khao Kao. The road runs to the banks of the Trang river skirting the hill side for part of the way—a very beautiful drive; and a dug-out conveyed us across the stream. A mile walk brought us at the temple where four Buddhist priests are located. An old nun in a not unpleasant monotone, conversed with Dr. Dunlap, my "guide, philosopher and friend." From her we learned that the strong scaffolding and seven well made flights of bamboo steps, over 200 feet high, for gaining easy access to the caves, which extend into and up the centre of the hill, were constructed in view of the visit of the present King of Siam when Crown Prince, four years ago. These are in a capital state of preservation, but I am sorry I cannot say the same of the Buddhas. From the caves there are openings in the face of the cliff at varying heights like bow-windows framed in natura.

rock, giving magnificent views over the fertile plain that extends for miles below. The most interesting point that the nun mentioned about the caves, for they are really a series, was that at certain seasons of the year a pool, in which she enjoys a bath, forms in one of the caverns. Doubtless, too, it is known to the three dozen small boys who receive instruction in a bamboo school house built at the foot of the stairs leading to the caves and where we took rest. These nuns are responsible for some entertaining mural decorations which will perhaps puzzle visiting archaeologists in the future.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE,

DEVELOPMENT SCHEMES.

Trang, April 5.

Joy riding, cave exploring, tunnel tramping and motoring experiences in Trang have furnished material for several columns of descriptive matter of more or less general interest. But I am cognizant that many readers must have been irritated and disappointed, because they expected the account of an excursion to Southern Siam would contain some solid information respecting the mineral, agricultural and industrial resources of the district visited and an attempted estimate of its trading and commercial possibilities. More especially, I know, interest is likely to be felt with regard to the coming of the railway to Trang, the chances of that port's expansion and the likely effects of these developments upon Penang, whose *entrepot* facilities, being in such serviceable proximity, are calculated to play an important part in any movements designed to promote Southern Siam's material progress. Questions of the nature suggested often recurred to me, and though I cannot pretend to formulate complete answers, yet my visit has put me in a better position to understand the problems involved; and this article will, I hope, extend the public's knowledge of a district, which, while now little known, is likely to be heard of a good deal in the immediate future.

The Railway Loan.

Whatever the policy pursued, whether wise or unwise, henceforward the affairs of Southern Siam must necessarily be a subject of close concern to Malaya and to Britishers, if only by reason of the fact that £4,000,000 of capital has been lent by the Federated Malay States for the construction, equipment, maintenance, and operation of the railways in the Siamese dominions of the Malay Peninsula. The amortisation of the loan by yearly annuities will not be effected for forty years, the first redemption taking place fifteen years from the date of the loan agreement, namely 10th March, 1909. Siam has the right to redeem at par all or any part of the principal remaining due at any time after the expiration of ten years. On the other hand, if the interest, at 4 per cent., or any principal due, falls into arrear for six months, the F.M.S. Government is at liberty to enter into possession of such sections of the railway as may be completed and to work them until the default has been made good.

Rights of British Subjects.

Britain has renounced extra-territorial rights for her subjects in Siam and they are now under the jurisdiction of the ordinary Siamese Courts—the custom in commercial matters, where there are foreign communities, being generally in accordance with English principles. This arrangement came about under the treaty of 10th March, 1909, by which the suzerainty of Kelantan, Trengganu, Kedah, Perlis and adjacent islands were transferred from Siam to Great Britain; whereby it was agreed (article 6) that "British subjects shall enjoy throughout the whole extent of Siam, the rights and privileges enjoyed by the natives of the country, notably the right of property, the right of residence and travel.

"They and their property shall be subject to all taxes and services, but these shall not be other or higher than the taxes and services which are or may be imposed by law on Siamese subjects. It is particularly understood that the limitation in the agreement of 20th September, 1900, by which the taxation of land shall not exceed that on similar land in Burmah, is hereby removed."

"British subjects in Siam shall be exempt from all military service either in the Army or Navy and from all forced loans or military exactions or contributions."

It is no idle curiosity therefore that prompts an enquiry into Southern Siam as a field for British investment and enterprise, seeing that ostensibly it is as freely open to Britishers as to the Siamese themselves, while the success or failure of the railway, as a financial proposition, is equally a matter of our concern.

Population and Traffic Problems.

It is unnecessary to expatiate on the obvious advantages derivable from bringing the railway to Trang for the quicker transit the Bangkok mails and passengers transshipping at Penang. That certainly means much, but of greater importance is the problem of providing sufficient local passenger and goods traffic to make the line pay. The population struck me as sparse. Europeans are few and far between. Excluding railway construction men, the white residents of the district might all comfortably be placed in one good-sized motor-car. As to Trang town itself, when the steamer arrived from Penang the entire residential European population rode to the wharf to meet me on a bicycle.

Pepper Growing.

The places mentioned in my letters are really nothing more than villages. Thap Thieng, sixteen miles north of Trang, appeared to be the biggest and busiest: 1,000 to 1,500 people attend on market days. It was the centre of a thriving pepper-growing industry, up to a few years ago, when over production brought the market prices for the commodity from \$33 a pikul down to \$11. Some 9/10th of the gardens were abandoned, but the recent rise in prices up to \$22 a pikul has re-awakened interest, and the vines, which take four years to come into bearing, are now receiving more attention from the Chinese cultivators. A fairly thick-stemmed tree, 10 or 12 feet high, topped by close-growing bunches of leaves, is in general use for shade and to

give support to the pepper vines. This seems to be a vicious system, as the trees must always be robbing plant food from the soil which should go towards strengthening the vines and producing more and better pepper berries. The faults of the practice generally in vogue appear to have dawned on some of the garden-owners who are now using stout cut poles instead of live trees.

Paddy.

Paddy growing, stock and poultry raising, wood cutting and agricultural work, on a minor and primitive scale, employ the energies of the local Siamese. The paddy lands are scattered, and are not very extensive. The plain between Thap Thieng and Choong and the districts beyond Kha koa and near Tung Sawng have the largest areas under paddy, and I was informed that irrigation schemes would easily bring into cultivation considerable suitable ground away from the roads. Locally grown crops have not sufficed for the population's needs for the past two years, and quantities of Burma rice have been imported via Trang. This season's crop has been much better, and hopes are entertained that it will not be necessary to bring in outside supplies of rice. It was noticeable on my trip to Patsang, whereas all the paddy had been cleared three or four weeks ago on the Trang or western side of the Choong Pass, across on the other side harvesting was still in full swing. There is room for great improvement in the methods of cultivation in vogue and efforts are being made, I was informed, to instruct the people in the use of better seed, ploughs, implements, threshing and milling machines, the advantages of manuring, &c.

Other Cultivations.

Here and there I observed from the car or the train, nutmeg, coconut and fruit cultivations, and the soil, mostly a clayey laterite, with stretches of sandy alluvial near the streams—seemed to be capable of growing almost every kind of tropical product. In the markets I saw lots of fruits and vegetables quite new to me, many of them evidently jungle products; but the standard of quality was not particularly high in things I could draw comparisons with. Even the bananas looked of a degenerate, indifferent kind. Wild cardamoms are common, and should repay cultivation. It ought to be somebody's business to offer to the country folk a chance to get hold of better varieties for their gardens and orchards. Deli might be indented on for pineapples, Penang for mangosteens and rambutans, Teluk Anson for avocado pears, and Calcutta for mangoes. Small experimental gardens might well be started in villages, and the vernacular schools made centres for demonstration and definite instruction in improved agricultural methods generally.

Primary and Agricultural Education.

While with the present generation, stereotyped and hide-bound by habit and custom, it may be difficult to effect reforms, the rising generation is open to receive fresh impressions and to adopt new ways shown to be capable of yielding better results than those followed by their forefathers. It augurs well for the district

that Prince Damrong, Minister of the Interior, the Bismarck of Siam, who has an estate and proposes to erect a residence near Trang, is keenly concerned about making use of the schools, for instilling into the children right ideas about the dignity of labour and the practical application of the teachings of science and modern methods to the every-day work of the agriculturist. He has had able coadjutors in the High Commissioner, Phya Rasada (Mr. Khaw Sim Bee) and in the Honorary Inspector of Schools, Dr. Dunlap, who is constantly touring the province looking after the sixty free schools already in existence.

A Missionary's Humanitarian Labours

The ethics of Buddhism are taught under the code, but Dr. Dunlap's ideal missionary, like that of Dr. Livingstone, is an apostle of evangelical Christianity with the minimum of sectarian prejudices. He, too, does not waste his opportunities by bitter denunciations of the religion and customs of the people he has worked among for 33 years. Believing that example is better than precept, his constant endeavour, as in the case of Dr. Livingstone, has been to make his own life the best witness to the superiority of the white man's religion. In all his labours he has been nobly seconded by a devoted wife. It was from Dr. Dunlap that I learnt of the admirable educational aims that Prince Damrong seeks to achieve through the schools: how the intention of the Government is not to create an army of clerks clamouring for Government billets and becoming dangers to society if they fail to realise their ambitions; but to make better, more successful farmers; not to divorce the people from the soil but to help them to cultivate it more intelligently and profitably.

The Search for Felicity and Food.

That the Siamese educational policy may attain a great measure of success is my earnest wish. It is only by establishing a proper system of instruction, suited to the special requirements of the people, that their standard of living can be raised, and they will be incited to exert themselves to obtain the comforts and amenities of civilization which their increased earning capacity ought to secure. A wise population, as Ruskin says, will search for felicity as well as for food. There need be no fear of over-education, if only it is the right sort; of over-population if only the people are taught to work and provided with remunerative opportunities for labouring on the land.

The Country's Aspect.

There is no monotony about the aspect or lie of the land in the province of Trang. Extending from the mountainous backbone of the peninsula, which constitutes its eastern borders, the country stretches out in fertile, undulating tracts, with here and there hillocks and little valleys, and intersected by scores of streams. There is a wide range of level as well as of elevated positions, many of them with virgin soil, from which plantation sites might be selected. The effects of drought are, of course, more severely felt on the

plains and if a plentiful rainfall is a desideratum then the vicinity of the Tunnel or Choon Pass may be confidently recommended.

Trang Province stands high, I gathered, in the estimation of the Royal family and the notabilities of Bangkok; and the number of distinguished personages now possessing residences and estates in the district is likely to be considerably increased by the time through-trains connecting the capital are regularly running. The nights are much cooler than those in Penang and I found a blanket a welcome addition to the bed clothes.

A Salubrious District.

Save where the people create, through their own ignorance and neglect, insanitary surroundings, the district generally bears a salubrious reputation and the settlement of a bigger population in the Province is only a matter of time.

The attitude of the country folk towards white people is distinctly friendly. They struck me, while being neither obsequious nor servile, as most courteous and respectful. Men, women and children bore an appearance, like their pigs, ponies, buffaloes and bulls, of well fed contentment. The people on the Trang side impressed me as looking smarter, more intelligent and prosperous than those on the east coast.

Where Europeans may likely experience trouble is in their dealings with the petty Siamese officials. Attempts to do business through underlings, especially if the Siamese language is an unknown tongue, simply mean expense, disappointments and delays that might have been saved if the higher authorities were approached frankly and directly from the outset.

Tales of Thievery.

I was sorry to hear unfavourable reports of Siamese pilfering propensities. On the railway a workman dare not turn his back when he lays down a tool. Should he have a fit of momentary forgetfulness, in a twinkling his saw or hammer has vanished as though it were wafted into the ether by magic. A bullock-cart breaks down on the road and the owner starts off to fetch assistance. He is only away a very brief period, but he returns to find that some one has preceded him, detached and carried off the axle of his cart. From the hills raiders not infrequently descend and lift the villagers' cattle; and even a missionary's bungalow is not exempt from the unwelcome attentions of nocturnal visitors on burglarious business bent. The gendarmerie, it will be conjectured, have no secure and need strengthening; but I gathered that serious crime is not common and the shooting case at Trang created a great sensation throughout the whole country.

Railway Sleepers.

The railway construction work has circulated a lot of money in the districts during the last three or four years which has compensated, in a measure, for the failure of the paddy crops. Sleeper making has provided popular and productive employment. The railway department pays one tikul (66 cents) a sleeper locally; but big profits,

I believe, are being made on the thousands of sleepers regularly exported from Trang for the F.M.S. and Sumatra railways. There is a direct and rapidly expanding shipping trade (avoiding Penang) to F.M.S. ports, Deli and Aceh, especially in cattle, and tongkangs regularly sail to Belawan with loads of attaps and bamboos for the estates.

The Roads.

I can endorse all that has been said and written about the surprising extent and magnificent condition of the roads in Trang. Facod with laterite, they have a splendid surface and are kept in such good order that motoring over them is a perfect delight. But I was struck by the fact that sometimes we travelled for miles and miles without passing a bullock-cart, nor were there many marks of vehicular traffic of any kind observable. I had an uncomfortable feeling that this was not an altogether satisfactory state of things. Either there are very few carts in the district, or the country people are not encouraged to make use of the roads with their vehicles. I was reminded of the "front parlour" of the cottages at home, which is a sort of holy of holies, religiously dusted and swept daily, but otherwise never entered by the family, save perhaps on Sundays or when the parson pays his occasional visits. A few ruts on the roads might have bumped the car a bit; but they would have told a tale of public thoroughfares put to common uses other than the fleet passage of officials' cars along their smooth and perfect surface.

Tin Deposits.

In the Province of Trang tin-mining was not encouraged by the High Commissioner for the reason, his friends state, that he feared a repetition of the evils, resulting from the diversion of the tailings into the streams and the spoiling of the land for agricultural purposes, which he had observed in other districts in the north of Paket and in the F.M.S. A few weeks ago a new policy was inaugurated and there are signs that tin-mining on an extensive scale, under stricter supervision, is likely to be sanctioned. In the Hocayot (or Khaokao) district, 30 miles north of Trang, tin mining has been pursued for centuries, chiefly by the Chinese, and 200 pikuls of tin are exported monthly. I had a five miles tramp along a jungle path to the foot of the hills east of Khaokao in order to see what was actually being done. Proofs of the existence of tin were furnished by a smelting shop which we passed by the way side, and by a couple of coolies carrying a bag of ore swung by ropes from a bamboo pole.

Vertical Shafts.

Next we came across a party of Chinese sinking shafts and bringing up the karang just as their predecessors would appear to have done centuries ago. 20 to 30 feet deep vertical shafts are sunk and a wooden windlass is used to hoist up the tin-bearing gravel. The man below works out a more or less bell-shaped excavation and seems prepared to take plenty of risk of the ground falling in on him. Probably it often happens but never gets into the papers. When there is a good deal of water the shaft is enlarged and boarded at the sides, strong props

stretching across, the middle like a big ladder, keeping the planks in position. Then two windlasses are put up: one has a bucket in which the water is hauled and the other is used for drawing up the karang which, is thrown into the sluice channels and the tin-stone washed out. It is all very primitive and casual and the shaft holes by the side of the path and all over the valley indicate this sort of digging for tin has been going on for centuries.

Sifting Claims.

Now, the Mines Department have caused notices to be posted calling upon everybody who lays claim to any rights on these mining lands to lodge particulars within ninety days. The notices appear to have stimulated enterprises in the locality and new shaft holes are being dug here and there in the jungle. It will be gathered from the foregoing that until these old claims of the miners now on the ground are investigated and regularised, it would be a risky proceeding on the part of Europeans to seek to obtain concessions with a view to immediate mining operations being started. Meanwhile I know, for a fact, that several prospecting parties have been actively at work for months in the district and the tin exports from Trang should form, later on, a very respectable item.

Rubber.

There are already several rubber plantations in the district, the best near Chong, on the way to Patalung, and the worst looking close to Thap Thiang. The latter estate, I believe, belongs to a Siamese admiral who has never seen it. Along side is an abandoned tapioca estate. At Trang itself there are some plantations of very healthy looking rubber. Tapping had been started in some cases, but the girth of the trees hardly justified it. The planting has been done 15 by 15 and even closer and stumps and lalang abound. The estates belong almost exclusively to Siamese royalty, to officials, or their connections. They have good road frontages and those towards Chong would have been close to the projected railway line through the Pass.

Room for Improvement.

Generally speaking, the plantations bore rather a neglected aspect, compared with the planting standards of the F.M.S., which suggested that expert supervision and a sufficient labour force were lacking elements at present. Naturally it was impossible to ascertain the intentions of the owners: as to whether their idea was to work the plantations themselves or to sell or float the properties. Hitherto no English capitalists, so far as I could discover, had applied for concessions of rubber lands in Trang; but I was assured that a favourable reception would be given to *bona fide* applicants who purposed clearing and planting up areas of jungle land.

Foreign Capital and Enterprise.

If the letter and spirit of the treaty are observed, they should get these lands on the same easy terms as the Siamese already in the field having influence with the High Commissioner and at Bangkok. It is hardly

possible, however, to expect that British capitalists will have the assistance of the gaul and forced labour, and without the importation of workers it is difficult to see how an efficient and regular labour force can be maintained on any large-sized estate which may be started in the district, especially when the paddy season is on.

A Suicidal Policy.

Notwithstanding that Southern Siam is richly mineralised and wonderfully fertile, the country's capabilities can never be fully brought out if European energy, enterprise, brains and money are excluded from a participation in schemes of development demanded by the incoming of the Railway. To pursue a short-sighted, dog-in-hem-manger policy, like that of "Siam for the Siamese," would be simply suicidal.

If the Siamese want outside capitalists to open up mines and estates on an extensive scale on modern and up-to-date lines, they will need to declare their intentions and to offer inducements; to give guarantees of permanent tenures and freedom from harassment equal to, if not surpassing, the terms operative in British Malaya.

The Port of Trang.

Provided a wise and liberal policy is adopted by the Siamese authorities, I see no reason why the mining and agricultural industries, small and big, should not be enormously developed in the Province of Trang; while the line will tap important districts north and east and bring to the port an expanding traffic in timber, tin, rubber, paddy, cattle, pigs, poultry, damar oil, pepper, and general country produce. For some years to come, I feel convinced, a daily service of shallow draught steamers on the Trang-Penang run will suffice for all the reasonable requirements of trade. Trang, as a port for ocean-going boats, is a dream; and a very costly one it is likely to prove should attempts be made to convert it into an actuality.

Linking up the Systems.

As to the linking up of the F.M.S. railway system with the Siamese Southern line, that must inevitably come about. I feel, however, that it would be impolitic at this juncture to attempt to force the hands of the Siamese Government or of the Railway Department, whose minds are fully occupied and resources taxed to the utmost in completing the schemes of construction already settled. The idea of continuing the F.M.S. line to Trang from Kedah and Perlis westerly through the Siamese southerly provinces of Palcan and Setul, finds no encouragement among the Siamese railway engineers and others with whom I had conversation. The existence of high hills, of many rivers needing bridges, and other engineering difficulties, render the scheme prohibitive as regards cost, while it would conflict with Siamese aspirations respecting the expansion of Trang as a port.

A Friendly Hint.

The alternative scheme, to construct a connecting line from Ootapa, (the junction for Singora) to link up with the Kedah railway, thus giving direct railway connection between Prai and Bangkok, is admitted

to be both feasible and desirable. But, just for the moment, it is not considered as within the sphere of practical politics. The tip given me was this: to lie low, like Brer Rabbit, and make little noise for the present. It was put to me, in a frank and friendly way, that, when a propitious occasion arrives, there was a far better chance of advancing the project which Penang has so much at heart by a quiet, waiting policy than by constantly subjecting the Siamese to a campaign of irritating advice and, pressing on them, with wearisome reiteration, suggestions which, for the present, are utterly impracticable.

In bringing these letters to a close, I desire to express my heartfelt appreciation and thanks to the officials and non-officials who extended towards me a most generous measure of hospitality and provided me with ready assistance and exceptional facilities for seeing the country and collecting the data for this series of articles.

R. NETTLETON GOODWIN.

OUR NEIGHBOURS IN SIAM.

(Editorial of Wednesday, 16th April)

Coincidentally with to-day's publication of the concluding letter from our special correspondent on the occasion of his visit to Trang, for the opening to traffic of the first section of the Southern-Siamese Railway's branch line connecting the west coast with the eastern main line, we have received news from the Capital which may have an important bearing on the agricultural development of the Peninsula lands served by the new line. Our correspondent in his articles alludes to rubber lands, some already opened up and approaching the tapping stage, lying at the foot hills of the mountain range that extends down the centre of the Peninsula. These, we understand, according to rumours current in Bangkok, are to come into the possession of a syndicate in which members of the Siamese Royal family and nobles are said to be directly interested. 150,000 acres of land suitable for the growing of rubber, tapioca, coconuts, &c., extending from the Kedah boundary as far as Bandon and embracing most, if not all, of the plantations already in existence, will, we learn, be included in the recently granted concession.

We are not in possession of sufficient details regarding the scheme to justify us indulging in many comments, beyond remarking that it indicates a recognition of the rich potentialities of Southern Siam by the ruling classes. We may further express the hope that their

prescience will be equalled by the generous outlay of capital, the engagement of expert managers, the employment of a well-trained and adequate labour force, and the display of those organizing and enterprising business qualities required to make the best use of the lands that are to be acquired, in accordance with modern planting practice. We doubt if (Siam any more than could the Malay States), can build up a successful planting or mining industry unaided by outside capital and assistance. It may be there is no intention to try; and it is significant of the Siamese Government's desire to facilitate the granting of concessions to responsible parties genuinely desirous of working them, that existing clumsy and defective land laws in the Peninsula Monthons are now being revised. These will, it is hoped, before long take on a more flexible and liberal complexion.

While British Malaya, and Penang in particular, stand to gain immensely by Southern Siam's development there are many ways of accelerating its progress. Considerable irritation, we understand, is felt by those concerned in the expansion of Trang's trade with regard to the passenger and cattle quarantine restrictions now in force. No cholera cases are said to have been reported at Trang for weeks and cattle, instead of being shipped in British bottoms to Penang, are about to be carried direct to Acheen by Dutch steamers. It does seem anomalous that while Port Swettenham is open nearly all the year for Trang cattle, there is practically a perpetual quarantine embargo at Penang. We certainly do not want disease introduced; but there seems room for greater elasticity and consistency in working the quarantine laws. On the other hand, the description

which our correspondent draws of Trang's river-side street, points to the need of the Siamese putting their own house in order before they can be excused for throwing stones at a nervous neighbour. It is a spirit of understanding and of neighbourliness that requires to be cultivated. And we feel that the letters published from our special correspondent should contribute to that desirable result. They were written and published with the object of adding something to the sum of knowledge regarding a country and its people about which little seems generally known, notwithstanding that Trang is less than a day's steamer trip from Penang and that in the near future the relations between the two ports and Trang's rich hinterland are likely to be of growing intimacy and importance.





In the Heart of Siam.

(By Robert E. Speer)

S. S. "Katong";
Gulf of Siam;
July 17, 1915.

The extraordinary, but somewhat eccentric genius who planned the great railroad system of India, dreamed of the day when the traveler could go by continuous journey by rail from Calais to Calcutta. Later builders have added to this dream, and planned the continuation of the line from Calcutta to Singapore, connecting the extreme southeastern corner of Asia with the northwestern corner of Europe. But this will not be the only route by which the traveler can reach Singapore, or Bangkok, the capital of Siam, which is better entitled than Singapore to be regarded as the terminus of this trans-hemispheric system. Taking one route he may come by Calais, Constantinople, Bagdad, Bushire, Karachi, Calcutta, and Rangoon, or he may take a quite different route and come via Berlin, Moscow, Irkutak, Mukden, Peking, Hankow, Yunnanfu, and Chiengmai to Bangkok. Neither of these two monumental railroad projects is entirely a dream. Great sections of each have been already complete, and it may be that we shall see the second line done before the first.

Whoever comes to Bangkok by this route, will pass right down through the heart of Siam. It will be a long time before he can do this coming from the North, but he can already do it going up from the South. For some years the Royal Siamese Railways have been in operation from Bangkok northward to Pitsanuloke, making possible in eleven hours a journey which, in the old days, required many days of slow travel by boat up the long reaches of the river Me nam. And here at Pitsanuloke, in the very heart of the Kingdom of Siam, is one of those outposts of the Kingdom of Christ from which a little handful of men and women, unappalled by the enormity of their task, are seeking not to tear down the sovereignty of any earthly master but to extend the sovereignty of a heavenly.

It is a wide and extensive field which is allotted to the Pitsanuloke station. Northward along the Me nam river there are two hundred villages for which the station is responsible, and southward to Paknampo not less than one hundred and fifty villages. Westward there are two other rivers which can be ascended from Paknampo, and Eastward the whole field is open for three hundred miles to the frontier of French Annam. And the field is as difficult as it is extensive. During a good part of the year it is flooded, and even at the best seasons, heat and bad water and insects and discomfort make touring no easy matter, and call for a persistent and unflinching devotion in the hearts of the missionaries who are willing, as we can thank God our missionaries have been, to undertake the evangelization of this great field.

We reached Pitsanuloke on a sultry Saturday evening in the month of June. The long street from the railroad station to the river, was lined with the shops of Chinese merchants, who seemed to out-number

the Siamese in the markets, and who, naked to the waist, and with loose Chinese trousers, were more sensibly adjusted to the conditions than the white man; laden with his conventions. A brown river running under deep, steep banks, cleaves Pitsanuloke in twain. On the East bank are the markets and the railroad and the headquarters of the gendarmerie, and rising above these a beautiful, shapely, golden pagoda, keeping guard over the handsomest temple we have seen in Siam, outside of Bangkok. On the other side of the river are the barracks, with a full regiment, the government offices, the Lord Lieutenant's residence, the homes and institutions of the missionaries, and a large village population round about. To the evening meeting there came the little group of Christian believers, children of the school, some of those who were not yet Christians, but who were ready to hear what this new religion might have to say. Two government doctors, the advance guard of an increasing number of young men, trained in Western medicine in the government school where they feel also the influence of the warm Christian character and the earnest zeal of Dr. George B. McFarland, Dean of the school, and son of one of the early missionaries. Two officers from the barracks came also to the meeting, one of them the colonel in command, and no one appreciated more keenly than he the telling arguments of Dr. McFarland who had come with us to Pitsanuloke, as he set forth in his superb command of Siamese language and modes of thought, the unsatisfactoriness of the agnostic view of the world and its origin, which is all that Buddhism has to offer. I must not forget, however, to mention the insects which attended this meeting. They came in innumerable myriads, and dropped down the necks of the speaks, and into their hair, and there was no escape from them except by going to bed under mosquito nets.

Pitsanuloke is one of the newer stations of the Siam mission, but it is building up rapidly and effectively the wide-reaching activities characteristic of our Presbyterian mission stations. Mr. Jones has charge of the itinerating work, and makes his life/as far as one man's life can go. Mr. Stewart has charge (reach)

of the boys' school and the local church, and neither the proper fees nor the missionary purpose of the school prevent its holding its own amid the Buddhist schools round about. The girls' school is in care of Miss McClure, with the competent help of Me Pin, an attractive Siamese girl trained in the Wang Lang School in Bangkok, which is sending out its influences for good all over the land. Dr. Shellman has charge of the hospital, and is erecting new buildings with contributions gathered on the field. He has worked out, in a very interesting way, the problem of hospital construction, complicated in central and northern Siam by the fact that every patient brings some members of his family with him to the hospital, and that they all want to keep their food and cooking utensils round about the patient's bed, alleging that their possessions are safe only there. Dr. Shellman has built a house

separate from, but connected with the hospital, with small rooms with lock and key assigned to the patients, to which he is able to insist that all the things which have been only breeding-places for disease germs in the wards, must be removed. And the women of the station take their part heartily in school and hospital and church.

Our Sunday in Pitsanuloke was a full day, with church in the morning following the Sunday School service, interrupted only a little by a dog-fight in the middle aisle of the little open chapel, and not at all by a rooster fight immediately before the front door, witnessed only by us who sat on the platform, and by one small naked youngster of five or six, who looked solemnly on the encounter. Soldiers from the barracks passing by, stopped for a little while to listen, but did not come in. Soldiers are not allowed to attend public meetings in Siam.

In the afternoon, we talked and prayed together about the strengthening and extension of the work, and I wish we could help the church at home to feel in some deeper way the need of intercession in behalf of these far off, lonely workers. In the evening the young people met for their Christian Endeavor Society gathering, which Ma Pin led. As we sang together the Christian hymns, we could hear ~~the barracks chanting~~ from the barracks near by the sustained and not unmusical chanting of the troops as, after the new fashions which are prevailing in Siam these days, they sang together their Buddhist prayers. We went on to the North Siam Mission the next day, returning to Pitsanuloke some weeks later, and we are now on our way from Siam to the Philippines; but the deep murmur of that barracks chant is still in our ears, and in our hearts, and I think we shall hear it always, not as the prayer to Buddha which it was meant to be, but as a cry to Christ and a call to all who call Christ Lord.

The Plain of Prae, North Siam.

(By Robert E. Speer)

S. S. "Katong",
Gulf of Siam.
July 17, 1915.

The traveler in Siam bound northward to the Laos, now called the North Siam Mission, travels all day from Bangkok on the comfortable, German built, broad guage railroad, across wide alluvial plains, past palm trees and banana groves and ruined pagodas, and thousands of water buffaloes, the great agricultural work animal of Siam, and arrives in the evening at the end of the first section of the railroad, Pitsanuloke. Trains do not run as yet at night in Siam. The next morning, on a smaller train of inferior cars, the traveler resumed his journey, and within a few hours, the wide cultivated plains give place to jungle and forest, and the road climbs up by ravine and water course over the hills that separate North and South Siam. There is a hot stifling tunnel near the top and then the traveler comes out into a distinctly different air, and feels at once its freshness and vitality. We felt this difference all the time we were in the North Siam Mission, and were conscious just as sharply of the reverse change when we passed back southward over the hills again. Beyond these hills to the North, opened out the great Prae plain. The city of Prae is in the middle of the plain, and our Presbyterian Mission compound is on the edge of the city, looking off across the plain to a beautiful range of mountains to the East. The old compound was on the other side of the city on a high bank over the river, but in flood times, with the teak logs driving down, the river devoured the compound by such huge annual excavations, that it was necessary to leave the old

spot with its beautiful trees and even dearer associations.

It is a great pity that the surplus waters which pour destructively down the streams, cannot be conserved and spread out over the plain. Again and again the Prae plain has suffered from famine. The one great staple article of food and trade is rice, and no other grain requires water in such abundance and regularity. With famine comes always disease, and poverty that lasts after the famine is gone. On the heels of hunger came malignant malaria, and it is not surprising that in the hearts of the simple people, that dread of devils which is the real religion of northern Siam, was intensified, and that from that dread, the Gospel should be felt to be just what it was in the days when it first came, glad tidings of freedom and deliverance.

We spent three happy days in the Prae station. Dr. People and Dr. Taylor had come over from Nan, a hard journey over mountain roads and through flooded streams, for a joint conference over the work of the two stations. Nan has had the great advantage of more continuity of missionary occupation. Nothing is more evident on the mission field than the advantage of keeping good missionaries permanently resident in one station. To move them, involves inevitable loss. They cannot carry with them the influence and friendships which they have won, nor can they transmit them to their successors. In Asia, more even than at home, stability and permanency are necessary elements of efficiency. Of the present mission staff in Prae, no one, I think has been there longer than six years. In spite of all drawbacks, however, there has been already real

fruitage, and the problems of the work both here and in Nan are the problems not of a failing, but of a progressing work.

It would be a good thing if the home church could be dropped down of an afternoon in the Prae station, to share in the solution of these problems. One had to do with the question of the use of baptism. Baptism was found to be the most distinctive and impressive sign that a man had broken with heathenism, especially with the worship of spirits, and was prepared now to go in a Christian way, and to trust Jesus Christ to deliver him from the devils of whom he had always lived in fear. But many were prepared to go as far as this who had no knowledge of Christian truth, who had had no opportunity as yet to prove the stability of their Christian faith, or the worthiness of their Christian character, and who, if admitted to the Lord's table and entrusted with the Christian name, might bring reproach upon it, and might make Christianity a scandal. Should these men be baptized and then taught and admitted later to the Lord's table, or should baptism be deferred until men were deemed worthy of both sacraments?

A second problem had to do with the Chinese Christians. Wherever the railroad comes in Siam, the Chinese traders pour in after it. A Chinese evangelist had visited Prae, traveling at his own charges, and had brought twenty-five of the Chinese to the church for baptism. They knew little Lao, and the missionaries knew no Chinese. Should they be admitted, and if so, should they be required absolutely to close their shops on Sunday, and be disciplined if they did not do so? To close their shops meant the

surrender at once of one-seventh of their income, and perhaps more, as it threw them behind in a competition of business sharper than anything we know. Many of them, moreover, were only the agents of non-Christian Chinese principals, whose business they could not control. Still a third problem which is real in every mission field is how to get native Christians to realize that the propagation of Christianity, is the duty of every Christian, especially when so many of them are so ignorant, and know so little, and when in defense of what Christianity they have, they must often bear such subtle and taunting persecution. These and many other questions we met in these conferences.

It is evident that the work at Nan is now well staffed and well equipped, and the new force located at Prae is taking hold energetically; Mr. Callender of the itinerating work for which he is admirably suited, Dr. Park of the new hospital, and Mrs. Park of the girls' School in the absence of any single woman missionary, and Mr. MacMullen of the boys' School. Hampered financially by some over-expenditures in the last few years which must be made up out of their new budget, they are planning bravely for new work, and have before them as great an opportunity as missionaries could desire. They enjoy the friendship of the people, from the Governor down. We called with them upon the Governor who expressed, in the courteous way, which is characteristic of the Siamese, the friendly attitude of Siam toward all foreigners; but its special friendliness toward those who, like the missionaries, had come to Siam to learn the language of the people, to understand their hearts, and to do good. It is still as it was in the days of old, the men who love will conquer, and nothing can conquer them.

The great highway of the plain from Den Chai on the railroad seventeen miles from Prae, runs just in front of the mission compound. An unceasing tide of life moves to and fro upon it. Bullock carts; pack trains of oxen or of ponies, elephants and men and women. To whoever will come in, the gate of the compound is open, and to whoever is in need those who dwell upon the compound will go out. They are, like the man of old "who lived by the side of the road and was a friend of man".

"A Grave in the Jungle"

(By Robert E. Speer)

S. S. "Katong",
Gulf of Siam.
July 17, 1915.

In a bit of sparse and forlorn jungle on the outskirts of the city of Lakon Lampang, near the yellow, winding waters of the Me Wang River in northern Siam, we stood a few days ago beside a longly grave. It was marked by no stone or proper monument. A plain, low brick platform alone covered the resting place of Jonathan Wilson, the sweet singer of the songs of Israel to the Lao people. For more than half a century he had worked, first at Chiangmai and then here at Lakon, speaking gently of Christ to those who did not know Him, teaching in the faith those whom it was given him to win to the Savior, but delighting most of all in the plain home that he built, looking across the river to the city, to translate the great hymns of the church into simple and beautiful Lao and to give a pure music, fragrant with the sweetness of his own character, to the church in northern Siam. At his death, he charged his fellow-missionaries that they were not to bury him in a little European cemetery beside the hospital, but to lay him in the jungle among the native Christians, and to leave him there among the simple folk he loved, until in the Resurrection the Lord of life should call, and Jonathan Wilson in the midst of his flock should rise up and go out to meet Him.

But though no suitable monument such as surely should mark his grave has yet been raised, there is rich memorial to Dr. Wilson in the hymns which are sung all over northern Siam, and in

the work which has grown up here in Lakon, which for so many years had been his home. Miss Brunner and Miss Buck and Miss Worthington live in his old house, and conduct, Miss Brunner the admirable school for Lao girls in the nice adjoining building, and Miss Buck and Miss Worthington the Kenneth McKenzie School for boys, at another compound half a mile away, where it stands with its beautiful brick walls and massive pillars, one of the most impressive buildings of the missions in Siam. Just adjoining the girls' school, are the physician's residence and the hospital admirably organized and managed by Dr. Crooks, and at the boys' school compound are the residences of Mr. Vincent, who has general charge of the school, and of the industrial work which he has developed in a tannery and shoe shop, and of Mr. Hartzel who is in charge of the evangelization of a district great enough to overtax the time and strength of three men.

The railroad which is being steadily pushed from Bangkok to Chiangmai, has not yet reached Lakon. Regular trains are running only as far as Pa Kah. From there the German engineers who are building the road, kindly sent us on two long stages by construction train to Meh Chang, whence we reached Lakon by ponies in a day and a half. I shall never forget the scene at the little improvised station at Pa Kah, as our train came in just as the evening shadows were beginning to lengthen. All around was the great unbroken forest. Teak logs from old cuttings were lying where they had lain for years, in a little mountain stream, waiting to be driven out by flood and elephant, reaching Bangkok ten years,

perhaps, after they had first been felled. The bamboo and thatch huts of the railroad laborers nestled together in a raw forest clearing. The neater houses of the German engineers stood among the trees on the hillside above. Back from the station were the encampments of the pack trains, with the bullocks waiting to carry freight over the trails and the mountain passes, into the open plains beyond. Wild eyed people of half a dozen tribes, most of whom had never seen a railroad train before, looked on with wonder. The Chinese and Lao coolies who were building the road, had finished their day's work. Nearby stood the Eurasian contractors or section superintendents. It was a strange mixture of race and speech, of old and new, of the forces that resist or only passively submit, and the forces that change and advance, and create. Very much of what had been done was crude and imperfect, and would have to be done again. The cost of maintenance and repair would far exceed the cost of first construction. In front, stood the great and ancient forest, laced with lianas, dark and unmoved. Behind, lay the fresh embankment and the new laid rails. "Here I rest" said the forest, "Let no man disturb me". "Here I come" said life, the ever-onward, never-resting life of man, "make way for me". One could not have asked for a more vivid picture of the missionary enterprise, or a clearer representation of its deepest problems, than we saw that afternoon at Pa Kah, as the long sun beams lay athwart the tree trunks, and the night gave the forest respite from man only until the day should break again.

But long years before the railroad came to Pa Kah, before ever there was a railroad in Siam, the missionaries had come to Lakon, and begun their work of hewing jungle, and letting in light.

The work at Lakon met us before ever we reached Lakon, In front of a Buddhist temple on the highway into the city, the boys' and girls' schools met us, bright in their many-colored garments, and at the city gates the fathers of the church were waiting and we all passed together into the city. It is the second city in importance in the north, and the old Lao Chow, or Chieftan, who still lives, honored and pensioned by the Siamese Government, is a reminder of the old days when these northern provinces were separate kingdoms, paying an annual tribute in Bangkok, but otherwise enjoying a practically independent sovereignty.

With most of these old Chows, the missionaries established good friendships; and I think there is not one of them who does not think and speak of the missionaries and their work with respect, and sometimes even with affection. Of course, it is chiefly medical and educational work, and such enterprises as the tannery and leather-working that specially appeal to them, but they know very well that it is a still deeper motive than that of philanthropy which brings the missionary, and neither they nor the Siamese government have ever hindered, in the slightest, the efforts of the missionaries to bring to the people that living power of the Gospel, which has produced our schools and hospitals, and which these in their turn are seeking to commend to these people of Siam.

I met an old, old man near the Kenneth McKenzie School, and was introduced to him as one of the early Christians. I asked him what it was that had brought him to Jesus Christ, and he said it was the goodness of Christ in delivering him from the fear of evil spirits, and especially from the dread of witchcraft. He could not tell what a joy it was to have found such a mighty Savior, for more than twenty years, now, he had lived in this freedom by which Christ sets men free. There are thousands of others in this great plain of Lakon, who are waiting to hear the good news of this deliverance.

The Work of God in Chieng Mai.

(By Robert E. Speer)

S. S. "Katong",
Gulf of Siam.
July 17, 1915.

Chieng Mai is one of those cities to which any one who is interested in the missionary work of our church, looks forward with an eagerness and expectation which we always feel in drawing near to great associations. And these feelings are made intense and solemn as, entering the city from the South, one passes by the beautiful little cemetery in which stands the plain white cross which marks the resting place of Daniel McGilvary. For more than half a century Dr. McGilvary lived and worked in Chieng Mai, and not in Chieng Mai only, but over the whole northern Siam. No younger missionary ever surpassed him for tireless energy in itineration. Even as an old man he still went to and fro, honored and beloved wherever he went, preaching Christ to everyone, and making friend for his Master. It is a great thing for a mission station to have as its inheritance the example and spirit and the fruitage of the toil of such a missionary. Other men labored with Dr. McGilvary in the sowing, and others have entered into the reaping; but all alike have rejoiced to join in recognizing him and his faith and love, as the source of the great work in Chieng Mai and throughout northern Siam.

On our visit, we made a glorious entry into the Chieng Mai field at its chief outstation of Lampon. There at the bridge without the city, Mr. Freeman met us as we came down from the mountain passes, and out across the broad sun-blistered plain. The children of three or four schools had assembled, with their songs

and banners. The older people of the church had come with them and we made a great procession which, under Mr. Freeman's leadership, marched straight through the city and the market places, to show the people of Lampon that there was no mean or inconsiderable number of Christians among them. Mr. Freeman marched us right into the chapel, which we packed to the doors, and there an old man, son of one of the earliest Christians, gave us welcome.

The following day was one long series of greetings all the way from Lampon into Chieng Mai. Mr. Collins took us first a little off the road to the Bethlehem Church, 500 members, where on a week day morning a large company had gathered to greet us in their beautiful new building of bamboo and thatch, built by their own hands. Then Dr. Campbell took us a little further on across the rice fields to the church at Ban Tah. There as we came in sight a great line of boys stretched across the fields, who waved flags to us, and we heard across the plain the familiar strains of "There's a royal banner given for display to the soldiers of the cross". Behind the boys the older folk were waiting, and we rode into a beautiful large church which the people had just completed, and which was crowded full of men, women and children to greet us. This was in the center of the section ravaged by the malaria epidemic a few year ago, and the influence which Christianity has now secured has been due to the love and skill and tireless service with which Dr. Campbell worked among the people, encouraging them to break away from the worship of evil spirits and the enslavement of superstitious medical ideas, and to trust Christ and to use the means which

in Christ's name he was ready to supply. Now in no small measure due to this remarkable work, Dr. Campbell has more than 3,000 communicants and inquirers under instruction in the city church and adjoining villages. The moral fruitage of the work is already bearing testimony to the truth of Christianity, and Ban Tah itself, formerly a perfect nest of cattle robbers, is now becoming a clean and peaceful village. After Ban Tah, we stopped at one more chapel where an old saint gave us welcome with almost embarrassing rapture, and then we passed on into Chieng Mai.

Near the little white cross where Dr. McGilvary rests, the boys of the Prince Royal's College, with Mr. Harris, met us, and further on, the girls of the Girls' School, and the hundred and more children of Mrs. Campbell's day school, which bears the name of Stanley Phraner, were waiting for us before the large white church on the river bank, which is one of the most conspicuous, and to us one of the most attractive, things in the beautiful landscape of Chieng Mai.

Our hearts overflowed with praise and joy on Sunday morning when we went for the morning service to the church. It was packed from wall to wall, with people about the doors and the windows, and many more outside who could not get near. And these were Christian people and their children, and they received with joy and gladness the greetings which we brought them from the church at home, and the appeal from that great cloud of witnesses, McGilvary and Wilson and Phraner and their own saints and martyrs, Nan Chai and Nan Intah and Noi Sunya. Blessed is the church that is rich

with such memories.

Our week in Chieng Mai was all too short for the talks with missionaries and Lao Christians, the study of all the institutions, and the visits which we needed to make. Of these last none was more pleasant than the call on the Lord Lieutenant of all these northern provinces, who resides in Chieng Mai, His Excellency Chao Phya Surasi Visithasakdi who was unreserved in his commendation of the work which the missionaries had done, and the spirit in which they had done it.

In addition to the institutions which I have mentioned, there were the hospital, now under Dr. Mason's most competent charge; the press, made self-supporting by Mr. Collins, and the new theological school given by Mr. Severance, whose beautiful building is nearing completion, and which Mr. Gillies is guiding with rare ability, and the leper asylum which has been built up by Dr. McKean, until it has become one of the most wonderful institutions in Siam. The morning that we were there, 25 lepers were baptized and welcomed to the Lord's table. I think the highest honor I have ever had in my life was to be allowed to hold the baptismal bowl out of which these lepers were baptized. I am taking it home as a priceless memorial. Of their own accord the lepers brought to this communion service a gift of 36 Rupees, given out of their poverty to help lepers in other lands who might be more unfortunate than they.

We came away from Chieng Mai with grateful and rejoicing hearts. A mighty work of God has been done here by men of God, and the noble succession of the past has not failed. We can only transmit to the church at home the closing words of a letter which the three ordained Lao ministers gave us as we came away. "The fields are very broad and the grain is yellow! We beg that the Christians of America may work together with us in order that the grain may be garnered quickly. Please do not forget us. We beg that the members of the great Foreign Mission Board will carry this message to you Christians in America, may the love of Jehovah dwell in your hearts unceasingly".

Missions in the Capital of Siam.

(By Robert E. Speer)

S. S. "Katong",
Gulf of Siam,
July 19, 1915.

Paris is not France and Bangkok is not Siam, but whoever would maintain the affirmative would, I think, have a much easier time in establishing his case in behalf of Bangkok. About one-eighth of the entire population of Siam is found in the Bangkok Monthon or district. It is the only municipality in the country with a distinct administration of its own, and this administration is simply a part of the central government which, from Bangkok, completely controls every aspect of the life of the kingdom. All authority is centered here, and all officials are appointed here. All the taxes of the country must be sent to Bangkok and all expenditures made by the central government. Nowhere else in the world is there a country so completely and absolutely centralized, nor a people whose interests of government and administration are focused in a single city as those of the Siamese are focused in Bangkok. A missionary work which would successfully influence this unusual city, would make itself felt to the ends of Siam. Where else in the world does the Christian church have presented to her the opportunity in a single community of moulding a nation?

But the elements and activities of life in Bangkok are such as to warn any church that undertakes to deal with them against light heartedness and overconfidence. It is a polyglot population. There are two hundred thousand Chinese, speaking many different dialects; over twenty thousand Indians and Malays, Hindus and Mohammedans. There are seventeen thousand Buddhist priests in the District; six hundred and thirty Buddhist places of worship and seventy-six Mohammedah. The great vices which prey upon life and industry are more powerful and deadly by far than in the country villages. Opium is a government monopoly, freely obtainable by the people and yielding last year a revenue of nearly \$5,460,000. to the government. Gambling and lotteries and licensed betting gave the government over \$2,730,000. more. The King well understands the deadly effects of such legalized vices, and will gladly repress them, and forego his income from them, when the foreign governments are willing to revise the treaties which limit Siam to the collection of three per cent import duties. Meanwhile, these and other evils work with fatal effect upon the seething population of the city. It would be hard to find sights more resembling the Inferno, than one can see every afternoon and night in the enormous licensed gambling halls, where thousands of men and women crowd around the games upon the floor, the few to gain, but the great majority to lose to the Chinese millionaires who outbid all others for the gambling concessions.

Other subtle influences operate against the progress and the power of the Christian church. The inertia of mere loyalty to tradition, the interweaving of Buddhism with all the social life of

the anesthetize enthusiasm, the pressure of the political system in a land where every man's ambition is to become a part of the government machinery, these and many other influences have wrought destructively against the work which the missionaries have been doing and again and again have drawn away the life blood of the church to grow thin and die out sometimes in the high places of political life, more often in the recesses of private social life where the missionaries could not follow it.

There have indeed been many things to encourage. Nowhere has the indirect fruitage of missionary work been greater, as both the government and the leading men of Siam are glad to recognize. "It was your missionaries", said the Minister of Foreign Affairs, "who first introduced the printing of the Siamese language". They built the first hospital and opened the first school. A missionary, at the request of the Siamese government was our first American diplomatic representative, and another at the same request, began the government schools. Missionaries began and still lead in the education of girls, and they built and conduct what is still the only leper asylum in the land. Some years ago at a banquet given in honor of Prince Damrong, the leading statesman of Siam, the Prince said to the American Minister in a voice to be heard by all present, "Mr. King, I want to say to you that we have great respect for your American Missionaries in our country and appreciate very highly the work that they are doing for our people. I want this to be understood by every one, and if you are in a position to let it be known to your countrymen, I wish you would say this for me. The work of your people is excellent.

It is this work which we have just been visiting. We have seen it in the Bangkok Christian College and the Wang Lang School for girls, the best educational institutions for character-building in Bangkok. We have seen it in the self-supporting mission press, which continues the tradition of the work which Dr. Bradley did in opening a printed literature to Siam. We have seen it in the Boon Itt Memorial Institute, built to commemorate the life of a Siamese whom many in America knew and loved and whose influence still lives in this institution which is a Young Men's Christian Association within the church, working for the young men in business and government service. We saw it crowded to the doors and beyond the doors one night with one of the best audiences of men I have ever seen in the far East. But most of all, we have studied the forces of Christianity at work in the effort to preach the Gospel directly to the multitudes of the city.

On one Sunday we went to nine different meetings, and knew that on the other side of the river there were two more, in all of which to the people who sat or who stood for a little while and then passed by, the Chinese and Siamese preachers and the missionaries, and foremost among them with his matchless command of the language, Dr. George B. McFarland, Dean of the Royal Medical School, who thought not a missionary, is one of the best of missionaries, were preaching that Gospel on which, though now rejected, all of Siam's

hope depends. It is a great deal that is being done, but it ought to be multiplied ten fold, and men and women to give themselves exclusively to the evangelistic work must be sent out, and all the latent forces of the Siamese church must be roused to deal with this great task, which calls as loudly as any task on earth for the unremitting prayer of the church at home.

But it is a problem that will not be solved until at home and in Siam we learn the lesson of the words which Kru Pluang spoke in one of our last conferences on the evangelization of the city. "What you have said," said he with deep feeling, "is true, and it can be done, if every Siamese Christian will give everything to Christ. I don't see any other difficulty but that". Can that difficulty not be removed?

Under the Pagodas of Petchaburi.

(By Robert E. Speer)

S. S. "Katong",
Gulf of Siam.
July 19, 1915.

As, from either the North or the South, the traveler draws near, they rise up before him, these pagodas of Petchaburi on the high verdure-clad hill which looks down over the wide-stretching paddy fields, southeastward to the sea, and northwestward to the hills, which begin the great mountainous undeveloped country of western Siam. The pagodas look down upon the plain, but they do not command it. Other forces are at work there, and they have crept up now to the very foot of the hill on which the pagodas stand and have built there, next door to the monastery, a training school which is to send boys out to teach Christian schools wherever they can find a foothold in the plain. And Dr. Eakin, who has charge of the itinerating work in a field two hundred miles long, reaching from the north of Petchaburi to Koh Lak in the south, has a thousand communicants and inquirers in preparation for baptism, in sixty villages in this great field. From the pagodas on the hill, moreover, not one hand has been lifted to heal the sickness and disease of the people, and the great idols sitting there in their passive calm are untouched by any sound of suffering, or call of need and pain. In their high retreat, aloof from men, their only message is that all is vain, that his joy is best who neither thinks nor feels nor laughs nor cries but, beyond desires, has forgotten himself and all mankind.

A mile away, where the crowds of humanity pass on the river bank where the boats can bring the sick and helpless, the mission hospital

stands with its doors wide open, the beds lining its single wards, the operating room one of the best equipped in all our hospitals in Siam, and a surgeon's skill waiting to do whatever can be done to relieve suffering and distress. We should have been very glad while in Petchaburi to climb the hill and visit the images of Buddha, and the high pagodas, but our interest was in the plain and the people of the plain and the market places of the city, "where cross the busy ways of men", and there we went with Dr. Eakin and his son Paul who has come back as a missionary to the land of his birth, and has taken up with his father the work in this great field of Petchaburi.

The city was just recovering at the time of our visit from a disastrous fire. With the exception of the temples and the few modern buildings, Siamese construction has always been, and is now, bamboo and thatch, or at the best of wood. This is one reason why the ancient cities have absolutely disappeared, except for the pagodas, and it makes fire a dreadful peril and a not infrequent one, as the cooking is done inside the inflammable houses, on little platforms of earth and stone. Last year a great fire swept the city of Bangkok, and destroyed \$800,000. worth of property, and not long before our visit, half the fine market section of Petchaburi, with some of its best old temples, had been destroyed. The fire burned right up to one of our mission chapels, a simple frame structure, and then stopped. The other chapel it wiped out, but to the great gain of the work, as it will now be possible to rebuild on the same site, but with better exposures and access. In addition

to these two chapels, there is a church in Petchaburi built on the edge of the town nearest to the high hill and its pagodas. For two generations it has stood there, proclaiming its message by the side of the road along which the multitude have gone on their pilgrimages to the pagodas on the top of the hill and the idols there, who have never heard one word that has been said, or spoken a single word in reply.

Petchaburi is the next to the oldest of our mission stations in Siam. Dr. McGilvary entered upon his work here, and it was from this station that he went northward in 1865 to begin the great work among the Lao people. Dr. McFarland began here, and it was from this station that he was called by the King to lay the foundation of the educational work of the government in Bangkok. Dr. E. P. Dunlap began here that long work of loving service of the people of Siam in which he has been engaged for more than forty years, which has taken him far and wide over southern Siam and made him, among the Siamese, the most beloved foreigner in the country. The missionary residences, still occupied at the hospital and girls' school compound, were built by these early missionaries at the beginning.

The work has not had an unbroken continuity. That is one of the great problems of all mission work, namely how to secure its steady development, and uninterrupted by the transfer of missionaries from one station to another, or by their home furlough. The Roman Catholics have solved the problem by sending out their missionaries unmarried, and for life, with the understanding that they will never come home; but that is not our way, and having a different way,

we must somehow devise a solution for our problem, so that the work will not be constantly broken up and its policy changed. There have been long periods, for example, when our girls' school has been entirely closed. Now, fortunately, it is open under the competent charge of Miss Mercer, and is full of bright girls, small, after the fashion of Siamese schools, where the girls are not allowed to stay as long as they are with us. But even the little ones think their own thoughts. "Why was it that Saul hated David?" asked Miss Mercer, examining the school on the Bible lesson the morning that we were present at chapel service. "I think", said one demure little tot in reply, "it was because the women praised him".

Not far from Petchaburi there is a large population of Lao people. They were brought down from the North several centuries ago, and planted as a colony of serfs. After all these generations they retain still their distinctive dress and language, and are as sharply separate from the Siamese as an island in the sea. Such a continuance of racial isolation would not have been possible among the tremendous assimilative forces which operate in our American life. Here for the most part, inertia conquers all tendencies to change of the tendencies which operate, do so on the principle of maintaining inertia. What but a living Gospel can ever break through such stagnancy and torpor, and unheave men and society with the vital energies of life.

Several years ago two American boys traveling around the world, dropped in upon Dr. Eakin and asked the privilege of accompanying him upon one of his trips to the country. Dr. Eakin knew nothing of them, but he cordially welcomed them, little knowing what power those two boys had to help him; but in due time he learned, when returning home, they sent him not money only but a great tent to be taken with him for public meetings, and funds for halls in different parts of his field. What those boys did in a boy's way, the church must do in her way, steadfastly and unintermittedly taking hold and never letting go. "I hope" said the Chief Priest of Siamese Buddhism, to Dr. Eakin when together we called upon him in Bangkok, and had a good talk about Buddhism and Christianity, "I hope that you will stay in Siam". "I shall", said Dr. Eakin in reply. And Christianity will stay, through this century, through all the time that is necessary in order that the purposes of Christ may be accomplished.

Wet Days in Iloilo.

(By Robert E. Speer.)

July 31, 1915.

Coming directly from Singapore by a boat of the Spanish Mail Line which runs between Barcelona and Manila, one of the few remaining lines which still bind these two peoples, whose interests for so many centuries were intertwined, we reached Iloilo last Monday morning. We should have come in Sunday evening, but no pilot would venture out from Guimaras in the storm that was blowing and we lay to all night, facing the storm under just enough headway to stand still within sight of a warning, yet friendly light, that winked reassuringly red and white the whole night through. Ever since, we have had nothing but wind and rain, except when nature stopped to take breath in order to begin again. All week long the storm warning has hung on the marine signal tower, and the little boat on which we were to have sailed to Dumaguete, has not been able to put out to sea. We are typhooned here, accordingly beyond the time that we had planned to stay. But it cannot be for long, and we are glad that it has been here.

It must be said at once that there is nothing here in the way of scenery. Neither nature nor art has done anything to make Iloilo a place of beauty or of interest. The best that can be said of it is that it is an old place, not without its importance in the ancient days, and ranking second in population and in commerce among the cities of the islands today. The city stands on a flat, just south of the Jaro river at the southwestern corner of the island of Panay. Along the water front, the storm of the past week has driven the waves in breakers right up into the streets. The down-pours have left great lakes of water on the highways, and wherever the lots have not been filled in. The buildings are the simple Filipino huts of bamboo and thatch, or more substantial and spacious structures of frame or masonry, covered with the corrugated iron roofing which is spreading its blemish and eye-sore over all this tropical world.

The native houses, the water buffalo, and the people themselves in their dress, their features and their music, remind one very vividly of Siam, specially of northern Siam. One might be transported blindfold from one of these countries to the other, and opening his eyes, be in doubt as to whether he was not still in the lands from which he had come.

This island of Panay is a joint mission field, occupied by our missionaries and by the northern Baptists. There are three provinces in the island. One of these is cared for wholly by the Baptists, another wholly by ourselves, and the third and largest containing the city of Iloilo, is divided tween the two. Our part of the total population of 750,000 is perhaps 250,000 or 300,000 and the evangelization of this population scattered over a large area in small towns and little barrios, our share in the

maintenance of a union mission hospital and a dormitory for boys attending the government high school in Iloilo, a necessary, and fruitful ministry to the American population, and the establishment and supervision of day schools in districts which the government has not been able to touch, fall upon two men, Dr. Hall and Mt. Doltz and their wives and Miss Klein, our nurse in the hospital. None but men as efficient and devoted as these two could carry single handed such a work as this, exceeding in its extent and difficulty, the work of many of our home presbyteries and even of some of our home Synods. They could not care for it in the effective and fruitful way in which they are caring for it, were it not for the fact that they work with half a dozen efficient Filipino pastors and evangelists, who with them, constitute the Presbytery of Panay, one of the three Presbyteries which make up the independent Filipino Synod in which the ambitions and efforts of the mission and the natural desires of the Filipinos have secured for the Presbyterian church in the island, complete self-government. The action of our home church in promoting this independence of the church in the Philippines has been justified, as it was justified in Brazil and Japan by the growth of the church in its spirit of responsibility and self-support.

I wish that any friends at home who think that foreign missionaries of different denominations are quarrelling together for the occupation of the field, might have been with us here this week in the conferences with our Baptist friends. We carry on with them, as has been said, a union hospital and a union dormitory for government students who come from all over the province. We have a most happy distribution of responsibility which enables us to cover the whole field of the island as well as can be done with an inadequate staff of missionaries. We send our boys and girls and Bible women to the educational institutions of the Baptists at Jaro, and they make equally free use of our institution at Dumaguete which is in the eastern half of this Visayan group of islands, of which Panay is the westernmost. We spent yesterday afternoon with our Baptist friends in Jaro and saw with delight the work that they are doing there. Their large industrial school provides a sensible and effective education for more than three hundred boys coming from the farms in the little village, who could not afford to get an education, unless they were given this admirable opportunity in a school where they can help to work their own way. The student body is organized into a self-governing republic with its own constitution and by-laws, of which the following is the preamble "We, the students of the Jaro industrial school, in order to maintain peace and order, to uphold justice, to acquire moral courage, to establish the liberty of intelligently choosing one's own religion, and in order to train ourselves in self-government, do hereby adopt this constitution and these by-laws." Boys cannot fail to go out from such a school to be truer and more useful men.

The union hospital of which Dr. Hall is now the head, is the only hospital in Iloilo, except St. Paul's conducted by the Roman Catholics but without an American medical missionary. Dr.

Hall is known and beloved throughout the island, and life after life has passed beneath his influence in the hospital, to emerge with health and strength restored, and also with character regenerated, and with a new and living Christian faith. Yesterday afternoon, at the dedication of the dormitory given by a Baptist woman in Minnesota with the understanding that it was to be jointly conducted by the Baptist and Presbyterian missionaries, the principal address was made by an elderly Filipino gentleman of the old school who, some years ago, had entered the hospital blinded by cataract, and with prejudices equally blind against evangelical Christianity; and who had come out with his sight restored and the eyes of his heart enlightened, to whom the Bible has become now the most precious and familiar of all books.

The work of such a dormitory as this is absolutely indispensable here, and it is heartily welcomed by the government educational authorities. The Iloilo high school is the only full grade high school in the island, and boys and girls come from all three provinces to attend it. Living in a strange city, they are subject to familiar temptations, and need the careful home influence which these dormitories provide. The government has its own dormitory here for girls, and both Protestants and Roman Catholics are doing what they can to provide for the boys. It is a wonderful work which the government is accomplishing in the schools, in raising up a new generation who possess and are possessed by our best American ideals. The intelligent men and women who are directing these schools, realize that the important thing is to produce character, and they have heartily co-operated with the various religious agencies which are seeking to wield upon the lives of these boys and girls, the character-producing forces which will supplement what the schools are doing in the class room. One is specially impressed in visiting the government schools with the work which they are doing in the trades schools for boys, and in the domestic science schools for girls. Here in Iloilo the boys were making excellent furniture, and in addition to their homelier house work, Mrs. Wright and Miss Lucas showed us in the government girls' dormitory, the spotless kitchen in which the girls were working, and the rows of fresh jelly jars, paraffined and ready to lay away, and which were the result of just eighty minutes work, since the raw fruit had been brought in from the market.

This young Filipino life is all eager and plastic now. The boys were flocking around Mr. Doltz in a good fellowship, which laid their lives open to the impressions which his strength and earnestness of character will stamp upon them. And last night in a heavy storm which put out the electric lights, a crowd of students came to the chapel and listened with an attention as silent as death and as eager as life, to what we had to say to them about character, and not the form of government and not material wealth, as constituting the true strength and power of nations. Most of the time the meeting was in absolute darkness, and Mr. Moody's old lesson that character is what a man is in the dark, came home. I think, with real meaning to many of those warm-hearted, attractive Filipino lads.

Iloilo, P. I.

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When these typhoon zephyrs subside and we go on from Iloilo to the eastern islands, it will be with a new appreciation of the opportunity which is presented here to true-hearted Christian men and women, and it will be with a new joy that we have met here just such men and women who are doing real work for their fellows and for the world, and who deserve to the last degree all the confidence and love and prayer which we can give them.

A Fountain of Living Waters.

(By Robert E. Speer)

Dumaguete, P.I.
August 6, 1915.)

The trip from Iloilo by starlight around the northern end of Occidental Negros, and then by daylight in pleasant summer weather and over quiet seas, down the Tanon strait to Dumaguete, is an experience likely to abide enduringly in one's memory. Just such an experience, certainly, will be one of our abiding recollections of the Philippines. After a week of constant rain and tempest, we left Iloilo late at night in the little steamer "Hoiching". When the morning broke, the sea was all at peace, white sails of fishing boats and the little paddled, out-rigger barotas dotted the water. To the south the mountain ranges of Negros lifted up their high heads, Sandy Islands, covered with cocoanut palms, fringed the shores, and all the long and lovely day we sailed down the strait with Negros to the west and on the east the green and rocky hills of Cebu, looking not unlike some of the coasts of western Scotland. When the night settled down, the lights of the fisherman gleamed along the shores, and in a little less than twenty-four hours from the time that we had started, our small steamer dropped anchor off the red light of Dumaguete and we saw the bon-fires which the Silliman Institute boys had built upon the beach, and heard their welcoming cheers, and the music of their band. It was just such a welcome as a like crowd of American school boys would have known how to give at home, and as we were carried ashore up the long, sloping beach, and looked out over the sea of eager, friendly faces, we could not but wish that Dr. Silliman and Dr. Ellinwood, who together furnished the gifts and the fore-sight which established this work, might have been with us to see the great thing they had done.

For Silliman Institute at Dumaguete has become a fountain of living water for all the central and southern Philippine Islands. The morning of the day of our arrival, it enrolled 699 students, and two more came in during the day. Three hundred boys, eager to come to work their way, have been refused this year, as the school has no room for more; and cannot, without extension, enabling it to take more pay-students, or endowment, increasing its resources, carrying the burden of these hundreds of additional working students. Every spot on which a boy can sleep at night, is already full. It was a sight crowded with lessons, to go about the dormitories after lights were out at ten o'clock and to see the tables and floors and every square foot of the verandahs covered with boys on cots, or on their simple mats, packed together like fishes in a tin. A movement for enlargement has met with enthusiastic support among the parents of the boys, and those father who are eager to make it possible for their sons who have not been able to get in to enjoy the benefits of the institute. Fifty thousand pesos, nearly, have been pledged and the missionaries

hope to raise \$50,000 gold in the islands themselves, which they ask the home church to duplicate with another \$50,000.

Dr. Silliman's idea was to found an industrial school, and the industrial element with agriculture added, is conspicuous in all the life of the institution. For some part of his course, every boy has to study agriculture and carpentry, and 226 boys are working their way through by means of the shops, and by doing all the work that boys can do in the school. Chiefly with boy labor, also, the school buildings have been built, the grounds put in order, the improvements made which have turned what fifteen years ago was a piece of waste, haunted wilderness, into a garden spot which has been an object lesson to half the Philippine archipelago. If any one would like to see what kind of work these boys can do, let him go to the Philippine Islands' section of the San Francisco Exposition, and look at the Silliman Institute exhibit. We have seen as beautiful pieces of furniture here as we have ever seen anywhere, especially desks of exquisite grained wood made entirely by these boys, many of whom a few years ago would have looked down with contempt upon all manual toil.

Silliman aims to be a sort of combination of the Mt. Hermon School and Hampton Institute and Williams College for the Philippines, and has already laid its hold upon the confidence and affection of the islands. It is one of the four institutions whose Arts degree is recognized by the University in Manila. The other three are two Roman Catholic Schools and the Arts department of the University itself. Wherever one goes through the islands, he hears only praise of the work of the Institute as a school, and yet more of its influence on manliness and character. It is beautiful to see the pride of the province of Oriental Negros in the Institution, and the good will of the insular educational authorities toward it. One of the most inspiring meetings that we have attended on this trip, was held in the great hall of the institute last Wednesday morning. Five hundred students from the public high school and lower grades, marched in a body from their own buildings at the other end of the town. All the leading officials of the province came, the Governor, the ex-Governor, the Treasurer and three members of the assembly, the local judge and the land holders who from the beginning have welcomed the school and rejoiced in it. Every spot which these visitors did not occupy and on which a Silliman boy could stand, was crowded. To look out on this sea of young, earnest, ambitious life, to speak to it in English, to realize that every word was understood, to feel the thrill of all the possibilities latent in these responsive hearts, was to realize as Dr. Silliman and Dr. Ellinwood must surely realize now in the life from which they look down upon Dumaguete, the wisdom and far-sightedness and patriotism with which they wrought in founding this center of life and power for these islands.

The public schools brought with them to this mass meeting, hundreds of bright Filipino girls, but when they were gone and the Silliman students met again alone, there was but one solitary girl in their number, one who, ambitious for a college education, had sought and gained admission to the Silliman classes. It was a tribute to her place and do her work with perfect tact and propriety. Scores of other girls in these central islands have the same ambition. Last week Dr. Hibbard, the efficient and trusted head of the school, asked how many boys had sisters who were anxious to come to a girls' department, and was answered by sixty who instantly raised their hands. It is with the hope that the way may be opened for their daughters to come, that many of the fathers are giving to the extension fund. There are thirty Chinese boys also in the school, representatives of the \$30,000 Chinese who are in the Islands, and who constitute the mercantile class. The Christian church has been able to go but little for this body of shrewd, prosperous, influential men. Who knows but that through these Chinese boys at Silliman, the right door of approach may be found?

This eastern half of the island of Negros has been from the beginning hospitable to American influence. The people welcomed the American government at the beginning, and in every part of the province the evangelist as well as the school teacher has had a ready access. Some of the Roman Catholic priests have indeed antagonized the public schools, and here and there have been able to break them up by withdrawing the children. But in a few other parts of the islands has the influence of the old church been as weak as here. In the town of Amblon where the people have built, unaided, a beautiful evangelical chapel, the old Roman Catholic church is in ruins. In the revolutionary days, the Filipino people rose against the priests and drove them out and burned the church. In Amblon the church cannot now raise money enough to re-roof the still standing walls of the great building, but the people of the town have given some thousands of pesos for the fund for the enlarging of Silliman Institute. A few miles north in the village of Polo, we found no Roman Catholic Church at all, but an evangelical chapel, neatly decorated, built by the people themselves, stood in the midst of the rather doleful little village, testifying to the gratitude of the leading man in the village, who had been delivered from the bondage of the opium habit, and who as the evening shadows gathered in about his life, had come while we were in Dumaguete, to meet the end, which he did not fear, in the Christian peace of Dr. Langheim's spotless hospital. Just north of Polo also we visited the church in Tanjay. It faced the old and dignified, but dilapidated Roman Catholic church, the oldest church in the province. It had been blown down by a storm two years ago, but its people with their own resources were rebuilding it, and were setting it just where it had stood, confronting with its active, happy life, the

the great and sombre building of the old church. On our way home from visits to these chapels, which cheered our hearts and in which we sought to cheer the hearts of others, we passed, just before reaching Dumaguete, through the village of Sibulan with its little chapel conducted by its leading elder who is also the presidente of the village, and who with his wife, at their own charges, studied last year in the theological school of the mission at Manila, that they might be better fitted to teach the living Gospel.

Five ordained Filipino pastors are working in this province, one of them with a church of nearly a thousand members, and another with a church of over five hundred. In addition to these pastors, there are twelve elders and five evangelists, several of them supported by the churches.

Our week here in Dumaguete and the surrounding field has been a week of unalloyed delight and inspiration. We are on our way now across a blue and rippling sea from Dumaguete to the island of Bohol, to visit the station of Tagbilaran. The white clouds are resting on The Horns of Negros, the noble mountain peaks that lie behind Dumaguete. The palm trees and the flag waving over the school, have faded out of sight, and with them the seven hundred Silliman boys who crowded down to the beach to cheer us off, and the little band of American men and women who are putting their lives into these young and plastic lives which God has given to them. Now while the memory of it all is fresh and vivid with us, we want to report these impressions, and to bear tribute to the devotion and the efficiency and the Christ-like love of this little group of missionaries, carrying each of them double or treble burdens, and pouring the very blood of their souls through this school into the life of these islands.

En Route by Railroad to Mukden

From Syenchun, Northern Chosen.

(By Dwight H. Day)

Saturday morning,
September 18, 1915.

To the Friends of Syenchun Station:

As we stood on the platform at Syenchun this morning at eight o'clock waiting for the through train from Seoul to Mukden, Manchuria, we could easily imagine we were in Minnesota. The crisp air had "life in it" as we Americans say, and contributed to our eagerness and enthusiasm in welcoming Mr. Speer, who had made the night trip from Seoul, and who stood on the steps of the train looking anxiously out to see if we were there. Around us in a circle stood Pastor Wang and Pastor Kim and a group of elders and members of the churches in Syenchun, who had come down to bid us good-bye. In the two or three minutes available we introduced Mr. Speer all around, received the courteous farewells of the Koreans, and boarded the train a re-united and happy party. Circumstances had landed some of us at Syenchun the night before, much to our delight, accompanied by a member of the station, Rev. George S. McCune. Having had supper on the perfectly good "American" dining car, we were ready, on getting off the train at six-thirty in the evening, to be shown about the Mission compound.

Along the winding, hard clay streets and paths, through the little country village we walked, followed by a company of Korean church members who had come to meet us and gazed at by the village folk with such curiosity and interest, that apparently it was not so much a case of our having come to see the Koreans, as it was the Koreans coming out to see us. The center of interest was Mrs. Bovaird, the lady of our party. As we turned into a straight street which evidently had been built since the Japanese occupation and under their direction, we were told that the handsome and substantial-looking building standing squarely across it and facing us, was the Hugh O'Neill, Jr. Boys' Academy. The building had been taken as the starting point for the new street which leads straight-away from its front steps. Our pleasure in seeing and inspecting the plant was enhanced by recalling the generosity and devotion of the friend at home who had established this so fitting a memorial of her son. We stopped only a moment at Mr. McCune's house, pressing on to see as much of the environments as possible, in the half-light of the early evening. Here was a new grey brick building, the home of the Industrial department of the Academy, and where machinery will shortly be installed; farther on is the farm-stead, where Holstein, and Ayrshire cattle are warmly housed, in charge of a Korean keeper living on the premises; and now we scramble up hill to the brick kilns which constitute a small settlement by themselves, made up just now of Chinese working under a contractor who is trying to fill some rush orders for brick and tile for the new Boys' Dormitory, in process of being erected. It was getting dark rapidly; but we examined

the whole plant amid the grunts of the Chinese who stood about curious and apparently amused at our interest in the processes of manufacture. Beyond and surrounding all this central compound, are between fifty and sixty acres of garden and farm land, all in splendid cultivation, the work of the boys, and furnishing the food consumed by the school. This land extends to the surrounding hills, over and beyond which are some eighty or ninety acres more, belonging to the School, which are rented each year, and which produce an annual income very necessary for its current expenses.

Coming down from the knoll where the kilns are, we entered the inner compound of the Girls' School. None of the buildings here are new or modern, being one-story, Korean in architecture, and long and rambling. The girls had just gotten back for the beginning of the fall term, and seeing the door of one suite open and the light from the kerosene lamp shining out, we stopped, with one of the Korean matrons, and looked in. Two girls, very neat and clean looking in their white dresses, their black hair oiled and plastered down in perfect lines, were seated on the hard clay floor, ironing. This process consisted in holding the light cloth garment up between them, and smoothing it over with what looked like a small iron frying pan, filled with red-hot charcoal. How she could keep the folds of cloth from falling over on to the hot coals as she worked was a wonder to us. The young matron hurried off to another suite, where she showed us, a few minutes later, how they dried and ironed the garments by pounding them with clubs, about the size of a policeman's "billy", laying them over a hard surface.

As we passed on, we heard the bells of the famous North and South Churches in the village, (only a few hundred yards apart) pealing out a call to the Christians scattered over the surrounding hills, to come in for a special meeting. Pastor Wang had told us at the station that this meeting had been planned as a welcome to us on receipt of Mr. McCune's telegram from Pyengyang in the afternoon, that we would arrive that night. We had time to step into the beautiful new "In His Name" Hospital, conducted by Dr. Sharrocks, who was in Pyengyang at the Mission Meeting. Both the Korean doctors had already gone to the church, but an immaculately clean Korean nurse smilingly showed us about. On locking into the women's ward, Mr. McCune remarked that one of the patients looked as though she had just jumped into bed from lying on the floor under it - that frequently Dr. Sharrocks found a woman lying under her clean white bed, in preference to lying upon it. On the wall of the Hospital office, hung a memorial, presented to Dr. Sharrocks on May 14th, 1915, by the members of the Churches of Syenchun which read as follows:

"Congratulations

At the ceremony upon the completion of the Mi Tong (Beauty of the East) Hospital. Twenty thousand yen, and more than 300 days

were spent in the erection of the glorious, cloud-piercing edifice, that the lives of men on the way to the grave, might be saved. It is not in the power of men to repay the grace of the benefactors; but heaven will give them all blessings forever."

The women of the Occidental Board may well feel a deep satisfaction in this admirable plant and its equipment. Likewise would it be difficult to meet a great need more completely than the Woman's Board of Philadelphia has done in providing the splendid red brick building for the Women's Bible Institute. When not being used by women, it affords accommodations also for the Men's Bible Institute. There are also old Korean buildings for the Women's School, as it is called, conducted by Mrs. McCune and Mrs. Lampe where married women and widows are taught the Word of God, and instructed in domestic science and industrial work. Small native buildings for the children's schools, and seven comfortable residences for missionaries, complete the equipment of the Station.

It was a gorgeous autumn evening; the air had a tang in it such as one never feels in the tropics, and the moon, bright as silver, made everything lovely with a bluish light. We wended our way down to the South Church catching as we walked along the refrain from the hymn which the congregation was singing. As we mounted the steps to the platform where pastor Wang and pastor Kim stood ready to greet us, our joy mounted high at the sight of more than a thousand men and women, followers of Christ. At a word from the veteran Wang, they arose from the cross-legged position on the matted floor and stood, as a token of Christian greeting to the visitors. The pastor then expressed in a few graceful words, what, he said was the pleasure of the whole congregation, on our visit among them. Mr. McCune announced his favorite hymn, "Glory in His Name", which it seems he asks them to sing on every special occasion, and a smile went around. The singing lacked nothing of spirit and fervor, but was not exactly melodious. The people of Laos are the best singers we have heard. We don't know what he said, but Mr. McCune described and then introduced us each one "for a word or two", beginning with Mrs. Bovaird. She stood on the side of the platform in front of the women, (the women all sitting on one side of the Church, the men on the other, with a white cloth curtain hung between) for while she could be seen by the men, it would have violated the proprieties had she stood facing them. In responding to our words of greeting and exhortation and encouragement, pastor Kim said that he wanted to thank us for the effort we had made to visit them, and for the words we had spoken; that he could see from the expression of the faces how happy the congregation were over the meeting; that the Board, which we represented, was the first to send Christian missionaries to Korea, and though he had known of the Board for years, he had not seen before, anyone connected directly with its management. That the Christians felt an interest in and gratitude toward those in America who had had part in sending the Gospel to Korea, and they were eager to see and

to honor them. He realized, however, that it was the grace of God that had sent them the truth, and that it had not come from men, and they wanted to give God alone the glory, but still that grace had worked in the hearts of people in America, and they had responded to it and had sent them the Gospel and the Christians of Korea would endeavor to respond in like manner, and give the Gospel to their people. As one of the visitors had said, their lives and manner of living must be the most powerful preaching they could do. That it was a great source of comfort to believe, as another of the visitors had pointed out that this wonderful life which they had come to know was to go on forever, and was never to be taken away. We visitors asked each other afterward if any more apt and spiritual word could have been spoken. At the close of the meeting, a large group of women gathered about Mrs. Bovaird, eager to greet her personally and have her smile on them, the difficulties of the language being no bar.

We went to the homes of Mr. and Mrs. McCune and Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore for the night, thankful to God for our experiences in Syenchun, the center of a district containing 70 self-supporting Churches of Christ.

En route Tientsin to Tsianfu.
September 27, 1915.

To the home friends:-

So much has happened since the last general home letter, Sept. 4th, that it is impossible to do more than simply sketch it. Just after writing the last letter when the sky was blue and the sea all calm and quiet we fell in with a typhoon which bettered us about in grand style and sent us into Nagasaki three days overdue. The velocity of the wind was about as high as I suppose it is possible for it to go, but the sea was not as bad as I expected and the ship was remarkably steady, but could make no headway and for safety's sake the captain simply stood out at sea with head to the wind till the storm blew by. It was a welcome sight when after three days of it the blue sky shone through and a great rainbow in the evening brought its good sign of returning peace.

We landed in Nagasaki on Sept. 9th and, the rest of the party stopping there for a short rest after the tossing about on the sea, Guthrie and I pushed on at once to Korea, reaching Shimonosaki on the morning of the tenth, crossing to Fusan that day and going up by night to Seoul. The trip from Shimonosaki to Fusan was heavenly, a beautiful big Japanese steamer, absolutely spotless, the bluest of skies and the seas quiet as a little lake, best of all the air full of the tingle and life for which our lungs had panted for four months. We spent only half a day in Seoul, going on in the afternoon to the annual meeting of the Korea mission in Pyong Yang. I stayed there until the following Wednesday noon when I returned to Seoul for two days there, leaving Friday night September 17th, picking up the rest of the party at Syen Chun, where they had gone, in northern Korea, the next morning.

The changes which have taken place in Korea since I was there eighteen years ago are almost unbelievable. The Japanese are doing a wonderful work for the country. Then it took Mr. Grant and me a week to walk from Pyong Yang to Seoul. Now the journey is made in beautiful cars on a broad gauge road in six hours. Good roads, courts, just laws, fixed taxes, improved methods of agriculture, the forestation of denuded hillsides, and innumerable other blessings have been brought in by the Japanese whose purpose of fair dealing and benevolent administration is not to be doubted. No people can adjust itself at once to the idea of being assimilated by another even benevolently and it is not to be wondered at that Koreans on their side have reluctantly or only passively submitted, and many of the Japanese elements which have come into the country are animated by the purpose of selfish exploitation, exactly the same thing as happened on both sides in the Philippine Islands and wherever else stronger nations have absorbed weaker, but the Japanese government is obviously inspired by the same high purposes that have guided Great Britain in India and South Africa, and Japan adds to those the purpose of complete racial assimilation which Great Britain does not consider for an instant in the territories which she has absorbed.

What rejoiced us most of course was the progress of missions in Korea. We felt the same warmth and love that glowed in the church eighteen years ago but they are deepened now and enriched by many great experiences and immensely extended through the growth of the church. It was an inspiration to mingle with these eager, simple-hearted Christian people and to see the wonderful strength of the Korean church which does not depend upon foreign subsidies but builds its own foreign mission work in Northern China.

There are some real problems in our work in Korea in adjusting our educational activities and our religious propaganda to the regulations of the

government, but I do not see why these cannot be worked out harmoniously and justly if only the government and the missions can be brought to understand and trust one another. I had a rare opportunity to do what I could to promote such an understanding at a luncheon which the Governor General gave me in Seoul on our last day. There were present the Governor General, the Vice Governor, the Directors of Foreign Affairs and Home Affairs and Education and a number of army officers, the American Consul General, and of the missionaries, Bishop Harris, Dr. Underwood, Dr. Gale and Mr. Smith and Powers Sailer and myself. The Governor made a nice little speech and I replied, doing the best I could to state things in the right way for him and the other officials who were present and followed this with interviews that were very satisfactory with the three directors named. They were most kind and that evening when I went down to the station to leave there were the Chief Justice and the other officials of the Supreme Court who is an earnest Christian man and Mr. Usami and Mr. Sakiya the Directors of Home Affairs and Education who were waiting to say good-bye. You must see the beautiful big books Mr. Usami gave me containing plates of the old Korean antiquities.

All day Saturday we crossed northern Korea and Manchuria through country that must resemble parts of our own land and along a beautiful river checked by simple dams, using the water power in little rice-hulling mills. Sunday we spent at Mukden with the Scotch and Irish missionaries. I was with an old friend, Dr. Christie, a very prince among men, in a home that was a little bit of Scotland. A picture of Glencoe where Dr. Christie was born hung on the wall. Monday we went on,

crossing a great plain where one of China's wandering rivers had broken away and was spreading havoc over hundreds of square miles. That night we stopped at Shan Hai Kuan and went out in the moonlight and walked on the Great wall of China. The next day across more great plains that looked like Minnesota, with millet substituted for corn, we travelled on to Tientsin and Peking.

Our three days in Peking were crowded to the last hour with meetings, interviews, visits to the Forbidden City, with its wonderful collection of Old Chinese art, and to the Temple of Heaven, neither of which Emma and I could see when we were here in 1897. I could write you a book on these three days alone and the changes in Peking, surely the most amazing capital of any nation on earth. We left Peking Saturday morning, day before yesterday, hoping to go through to Tsinanfu before midnight but our train was wrecked at Tung Chow junction. Fortunately no one was hurt but the wrecked cars, the ripped up track, the hundreds upon hundreds of Chinese villagers who assembled to look on, the Chinese railroad laborers, the massive walls of Peking, still in sight, looking down upon us, made the whole spectacle a strange jumble of past and present, old and new, of hurry and rest.

We missed our connections in Tientsin on account of the wreck and to avoid Sunday travel, stayed over there and had a day of complete rest with some experiences in an independent Chinese church to which we went Sunday morning which I would not have missed, and the happiness and profit of which more than made up for the two days which the wreck has cost us. But I think I must write the story of that one day in Tientsin as a special article for the Sunday School Times.

We left Tientsin this morning and are travelling south to Tsinanfu across great plains that stretch as far as the eye can see. Every arable square foot of ground is being put to use, the sky is cloudless over us and the air like October in the Northwest. We are dipped in the current of the great common life of China with its busy, patient, efficient people on every side of us. It is one of the tragedies of history that such a people should have no adequate leadership in this hour of their need.

Our hearts are happy in the thought that every step is now homeward and that five weeks from day after tomorrow we are to sail. With much love to all, R.E.Spec.

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.A.
156 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK
en route ~~Manila~~ to ~~Panama~~, Japan.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY

To the Home Friends;

Our long trip is now drawing to a close. We are to sail next week for home and this will be the last letter that we can send before we come ourselves. We have more things to be thankful for than can be counted and are coming home profited and enriched in many ways. We are only eager now for the last days to pass and for the time of sailing to come.

I wrote last, I think, just before we reached Tsinanfu. We spent one good day there in the ideal autumn weather of North China, saw the site of the Union University where the first buildings are under erection, went over the beautiful new plant of the Union Medical School, conferred with the Board of Managers of the University, saw our own fine local work, and left late at night on a special car which the railroad authorities had generously attached to the train for us and could almost have imagined as we said good bye in the fine new railroad station built by German engineers that we were in some home city. That night, by moon light we went through the hills where the sacred mountain stands with the grave of Confucius and the next three days spent in the ~~happiest~~ happiest way imaginable with old friends in the Panhsuchow and Hwaiyuan stations. The only shadow upon our visit was the theft at night at Pengpu on our way to Hwaiyuan of Dr. Bovaird's and Guthrie Speers' travelling bags containing their most valued personal belongings and all the negatives and photographs which they had taken, from the time we had started. Every effort was made through the Chinese officials to recover the bags, but without avail. This Hwaiyuan station is one of the most beautifully equipped, and happily staffed stations we have seen and our time there was just like a stay with home friends.

From these stations we went on southward to Nanking, the return of the water buffalo to the landscape and the substitution of rice for other grain witnessing to the change to southern conditions. In Nanking we had three densely crowded days visiting the University, the new women's college, the Union Theological Seminary, the Bible Schools, the government institutions, the half dozen institutional and evangelistic centers of our own mission etc., etc. Nanking is a pitiful sight now with its sad evidences of the ravages of the two revolutions. The Taiping rebellion, sixty years ago, left behind it a devastation never repaired but in spite of that old havoc Nanking was a great and flourishing city before the Republic and revolution and then later the misguided second revolution which spread ruin through the city and drove away scores of the most prosperous families. It is the splendid big Chinese dwelling of one of these families with its ample buildings and great garden that the union women's college has rented for about twenty or twenty-five dollars gold a month. One of our most interesting experiences in China was a conference in Nanking with a score or more of the best young men in modern China, leaders in educational and social movement. Some of them were disposed to be pessimistic, but most of them realized that they had before them a long hidden work of educational and social regeneration.

After Nanking, we visited the stations of Soochow, Ningpo, and Hangchow. Soochow and Hangchow are two of the most prosperous Chinese cities, uninjured by the revolution, prospering greatly commercially and showing many signs of progress over the conditions which we found in 1897, especially in Hangchow had there been

many changes for the better. The military governor is a very progressive young man eager to do the best for his country and Hangchow bears many signs of his sincerity and capacity. I went to call on him and found him almost pathetically open to friendship. We could hardly get away from him and he urged us to prolong our stay in Hangchow and wanted me to come and visit him in his yamen. We were in Ningpo for but one day but it was a very happy day with many renewals of old memories as we took breakfast in the morning with Miss Dickie who was formerly in my office and luncheon with Mrs. Wright with whom I used to play as a child in our old home in Pennsylvania.

After these visits we had five days in Shanghai more crowded even than the days in Bangkok or in Manila or Peking with all kinds of meetings and conferences and visits to different institutions. When at last these days were over we just about ready to welcome anything, even a coffin, as a comfortable resting place.

We crossed to Nagasaki and then, after a beautiful evening on the Inland Sea, to Kobe, on the "Shinyo Maru" and at Kobe were met by Dr. Fulton of Osaka, who started us off on the short itinerary in Japan which is to end our mission visitation.

The program in Japan began at once on the day of landing with a meeting of the Central Japan Missionary Association in Osaka in the afternoon. From there I went down the same evening for a meeting in the beautiful old town of Wakayama. The next day we went to Nara to see the shrines and then on to Kyoto for meetings that evening and the following day ending with a church packed full of students. The next day Guthrie and I went off to Kanazawa, clear across Japan on the west coast to be present at the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of our girls' school there and spent two days with Dr. and Mrs. Dunlop, the missionaries of our Englewood church. The celebration was a great success and was followed in the evening by an evangelistic mass meeting in the city hall where some eight hundred people sat on the floor, Japanese fashion, and listened with the same wonderful attention which seems to mark all the audiences. Yesterday we came on to Fukui, where we had one meeting in the afternoon for two hours and a half and another one in a tent in the evening for three hours, and we are now on our way to Yamada and Tsu and then to Tokyo. The work part of the trip is to be over on Sunday. Monday and Tuesday we are going to take for a picnic to Nikko. The sailing of the "Sado Maru" alas has been delayed one day so that we shall not get away until Nov. 4th, but have not yet given up hope of getting home in time for Thanksgiving dinner.

Just now we are passing through far off little valleys among the mist-wreathed mountains. The farmers are cutting the rice. The first colors are coming in the foliage. It is all as beautiful as can be but our hearts are hungering for home and the home loves and we are counting the days. With warmest love to all.

(Signed)

Robert E. Spear.

"THE THREE BANNERS"

The King's Advice to the Scout Masters

On Thursday the 14th inst., following the custom of last year, His Majesty the King paid a visit to the Scout Masters' Training Corps, which has been temporarily established at the Headquarters of the Honourable Corps of Wild Tigers.

In the lecture hall, when the head of the class had read his loyal address, the King made a lengthy reply in the form of an address or lecture.

The King began by expressing his gratification and thanks for the address, and then commenced his lecture, the first part of which contained references to the satisfactory results of last year's class, the members of which are now doing good work for the Boy Scout Movement all over the country, and the present class were exhorted to follow worthily the precedent thus set.

Then followed advice concerning the way Scout Masters should regard their work, namely, as something of a highly patriotic nature, since it means practically the cultivation of the nation's manhood, and thus secures the future of the race.

Next, His Majesty briefly foreshadowed another duty which, under certain circumstances, the Scout Masters might be called upon to perform, namely, to act as Platoon Commanders should it become necessary to mobilise the whole of the Siamese forces, and shortage of officers be felt. The King said emphatically that he earnestly hoped the necessity for such mobilisation would never occur, but it was just as well to be prepared.

Then the King went on to give them advice as to the way to satisfactorily command Siamese troops, or even Scouts and Boy Scouts for the matter of that. The Siamese, said His Majesty, were not really difficult to command, only one must approach them the right way. They are not at all fond of the downright "must"; they prefer to be asked to do things. Discipline is necessary, but must be used in its proper place. They do not like commanders who never know when to relax. A good officer is a man who, though a strict disciplinarian when at work, knows how to join his men at play. Such a man commands not only the respect but also the affection of those under him.

Finally, the King ended his lecture with an appeal to patriotism, which is worth translating in full.

"In everything which we undertake, (said the King), it is necessary to hold some object in view, something to give us good heart, since it is but natural that we should occasionally feel somewhat disheartened. When feeling disheartened, it becomes necessary for us to look to something to hearten us up. In the ancient Pali legend of the war between the Gods and the Demons, it is told that when Indra was going forth to do battle with the demons, he spoke to the Gods thus: 'In doing battle with the demons, should any feel disheartened, then let him look at the banner of his own commander; thus, let those in the main body look at my banner; let those in Varuna's army look at Varuna's banner; and let those in Isana's army look at Isana's banner. For in seeing

the banner thus shall ye cease from being disheartened, knowing that your leaders are among ye, and thus shall ye have no fear.' Our Lord Buddha, preaching from the above text, said that the Faithful likewise have a three-fold banner to look to, namely, the Buddha, the Law (Dharma), and the Brotherhood (Sangha). Here we also have our three banners. The first is that of your King who, as the head of your nation, will lead you in the fight to defend your nation's freedom, the leader who will go with you wherever you go, who will live with you and die with you. Another banner is that of the Nation; what a noble banner this is! Its very name has a noble sound! The banner of the Thai (Free), who are dependents to none! Who have never been anyone else's dependents! We can never allow our nation to become base dependents; we can never allow this banner to be dragged in the dust. Its folds may be stained with our life blood, but never with the dust of dishonour! Yet a third banner which will gladden the heart of all who behold it is the one which, in the language of an ancient poet, is called 'The Victorious Banner of the Lord of Supreme Excellence', meaning the Faith which protects us all, which we reverence, and which leads us steadfastly along the paths of Righteousness and Proper Conduct. I advise you all to keep these three banners of ours in mind. Whenever you feel disheartened, look at these three banners, even as the Gods looked at the banners of the King of Gods, and then try to accomplish what you set out to perform. If you can hold steadfastly to such endeavor, success will surely crown your labours."

WHAT THE "AGLIPYANAS" BELIEVE.

"How does the "Iglesia Filipina" (Aglipyanan) defines the Religion? The Religion is a science of... by means of rationalistic investigation it studies yet the ignored nature of God", ... (Antequesis de la Iglesia Filipina, pag. 4.)

"God is the sole infalible; therefore we neither admit any dogma, nor another revelation than the Nature itself". (Ibid. pag. 40.)

"What particularity has the "Iglesia Filipina"? It is in the world the unique Church formally established with more than twenty bishops and hundreds of prebyters who places the modern science above the Bible, being herself worthy of the 20th. century at which she sprang" (Ibid. pag. 40.)

"How was to be formed the Hebrew people? The names Adam, Eve, Cain, Noe and other personages mentioned in Genesis, are purely mythologicals. They are imaginary names; they are not of the real persons, but they are as an idea and as a people as a whole, as is seen clearly in the genealogy that appears in the X. chapter of Genesis". (Ibid. pag. 41.)

"How do you (we) consider the Bible? We consider the Bible as a historical book with much value which contains the ancient traditions, interesting informations and holy teachings; but it is also contains so many scientific errors and unacceptable doctrines resulting sometimes its language almost pornographical, but whenever we find there in something that would oppose to a demonstrated truth through modern science, we would openly follow to these and not to the Bible."

"We never permit, because for the sole consideration for the affirmation of the Bible will put any obstacle whatsoever to the free and scientific investigations, since the authors of the Bible did not know the science as it is now found advanced". (Ibid. pag. 45.)

"What is the Gospel that the "Iglesia Filipina" follows? Our church, after having concisely examined the canons and those which are not, found them all worthy with all respects, but also with a periphrastic interpretation, or though be authentic, they are "inverosimils" and unworthy to be taught. She has therefore chosen the authentic parts of the four canons and she completed them with the other interesting facts found in the Gospels, that though they were not declared as official, they are old as the formers; and she made her general Filipino Gospel in accordance with the spirit and progress of our epoch."

"And what is believed about the epistles of the other apostles? That they were placed under their names, but its authenticity is doubted". (Ibid. 47-48.)

"Did Christ perform miracles? No sir, he himself assured that he would not make any miracle to that generation. (Matt. XXIII, 12.) (!). The miracles are impossibles, because they are against the immutable laws of Nature which are God's. (Ibid. pag. 55.)

"If Jesus were considered as a true God, he would be a poor little god, as an ordinary man, that insulted, and until he felt an excruciating pain in the mount Tabor and in the garden of Gethsemani when thought the great peril that attending him; considering as mere man, he could conceivably his sympathetic figure, that all the weakness inborn to a man he threw himself to peril in order to preach the truth, doubtly Jesus was an extraordinary apostle whose redemptive doctrines are
(1) The gospel according to Mark has only 16 chapters. The author has therefore misquoted this passage. (Translator.)

are the inspirations of God, and it must be so, on which Moses has the right to attribute them as of God's the Ten Commandments, which are the same basis of morals and religions in the other countries."

HOW AGLIPAY ARRANGED THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

FIRST STONE.

I. "The first commandment of **abl** is this: Hearken, Israel: the Eternal, our God, the Eternal is one. Thou shall love, therefore, the Eternal, thy God with thy heart, with thy soul, with thy thought and with thy might. This is the is the principal commandment, Deut. VI, 1, 4, 5; Mar. XII, 29, 40; Mat. XXII, 37, 38; Luk. X, 27. " love

II. "The second is similar to the former: Thou shall thy neighbor as thy-self, since neighbors are all men, as sons of a sole heavenly Father, Lev. XIX, 18; Mar. XII, 32; Mat. XXIII, 9; Luk. X, 27, 37. So therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets (Mat. VII, 12). There are no other greater commandments than these. (Id. Mark.)".

III. "Six days thou shall work seeking in the sweat of thy brows thy substance, Ex. XX, 9; XXXI, 15; XXXIV, 21; Deut. V, 13; Gen. III, 19; but more than the treasure that can be lost, procure the treasure that will last forever, and thou shall have this treasure in heaven, if thou wilt do the charitable deeds, buying in this way with perishable wealths those which are eternal. Luk. XII, 33; XVI, 9."

IV. "But the seventh day shall be a rest day for thy Eternal Father. Thou shall keep it, therefore, the day of rest to sanctify without doing any other labor thee, neither thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy beast, nor the strangers that are within thy gates. Ex. XX, 8, 10; Deut. V, 12, 14."

V. "Honor thy father and thy mother, as the Lord thy God has commanded thee, so that thy days may be long and so that you may go well upon the earth which the Eternal thy God giveth to thee. Ex. XX, 12; Deut. V, 16, without availing to any tradition that invalidates thy duty to love and to help thy parents. Mar. VII, 9, 13; Mat. XV, 4, 9."

SECOND STONE. *Eternal*

VI. "Thou shall not worship but to the Lord thy God only, neither thou shall make any image, nor any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, nor of that is in the earth beneath, nor that is in the waters under the earth; thou shall not provoke Him, Deut. VI, 13, 16; Mat. VII, 7, 10; Luk. IV, 8, 12; neither thou shall take the name his name vainly, Ex. XX, 7; Deut. V, 11; Mat. V, 34; nor thou shall invalidate his commandment with other human commandment, Mar. VII, 9, 13; Mat. XV, 4, 9."

VII. "Thou shall not kill (Ex. XX, 13; Deut. V, 17); but thou shall forgive all ways, so that your heavenly Father may forgive you also; do good even to those who hate you, and pray for those who mock persecute you, Mat. XVIII, 25; V, 44; VI, 14."

VIII. "Thou shall not commit adultery; and whosoever looketh to a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery already with her in his heart. Ex. XX, 14; Deut. V, 18, 21; Mar. X, 19; Mat. V, 28."

IX. "Thou shall not steal, but thou shall be merciful as your heavenly Father is merciful; give, and it shall be given on to thee at the ratio of hundred per one. Ex. XX, 15; Deut. V, 19; Mar. X, 19; Mat. XIX, 29; Luk. I, 34, 36, 38."

X. Thou shalt not bear false witness, neither thou shalt judge, so that ye may not be judged also. The evil eye sees everything evil; amend thyself, therefore, thy own defects before criticising those of the neighbors'. God is the only perfect. Speak good even to those who speak evil against thee. Mar. 2, 18, 19; Mat. V, 44; VI, 22, 23; VII, 1, 5; XIX, 17, 18; Luk. XVIII, 20; Comp. Ex. XX, 16; Lev. XXIV, 11, 13; Deut. V, 20." (*Ibid.* pag. 16-20.)

Translated for Mr. Speer by
Franco L. Beltrán, pastor.

Across Chosen and Manchuria.

(By Robert E. Speer)

Eighteen years ago, Mr. W. Henry Grant and I visited Korea together, crossing from Nagasaki to Chemulpo on a small Japanese, British-built, merchant steamer. Last week I crossed from Shimonoseki to Fusan, a quarter of the distance of the old crossing, on the ferry of the Imperial Japanese Railways, on a beautiful big steamship built in Japanese ship yards. Then, we had to be carried ashore at Chemulpo across wide mud flats. Last week we landed at Fusan at big docks, beside a large comfortable hotel. Then, there was not one foot of railway in Korea. Mr. Grant and I had to go up the coast to the mouth of the Tatong River in a dirty Korean coasting boat, with a perilous list, and up the Tatong River in a small Korean sailing skiff to Pyengyang, and from Pyengyang walked down over land, a week's journey to Seoul. Now the journey from Pyengyang to Seoul is made in six hours, and more than a thousand miles of excellent railway, efficiently managed, span the country from north to south and from east to west. Then the China-Japan war had just ended, and Korea was probably at its lowest ebb, free from the restraint or guidance of China or Russia or Japan. There were no public schools, no good roads, no four wheeled vehicles, no just system of taxation or courts or government. The King was incompetent, and the ruling class ate the subsistence of the people, and contributed nothing to the prosperity or progress of the country. No all this is changed. With characteristic efficiency, with the avowed and most honorable purpose of giving to Korea all that Japan has won, and of melting the two races together into one nationality, the Japanese have brought schools and roads and just laws and courts, the reformation of old abuses, the improvement of agriculture, the development of resources, and the earnest purpose of advance in every way the prosperity and well-being of the Korean people. It is wonderful the change which our eyes have seen.

We were fortunate in visiting Seoul just at the time when the Chosen industrial and agricultural exposition was giving the people in vivid and representative form, a picture of what the government had accomplished already and purposed for the future. The extensive grounds of one of the old palaces, lying in useless neglect at the time of our visit eighteen years ago, had been utilized for the exposition. The great exposition buildings were in the best and simplest taste, and the exhibits would have done credit to any nation on earth. The admission fee of five sen enabled almost any one to enter, and the government was arranging for the admission of many whom even this small fee of two and a half cents gold might exclude. It was beautiful to see the great excursions of white-robed country people, many of them old men and women, brought in by the government officials, and carefully escorted in long processions through the sights of the city and the exposition. It was an inspiration to watch the light which shone in the faces of the people as they saw what their country was

capable of. Hundreds of school children were being taken about in the same way. The exposition is an impressive demonstration of the efficiency and benevolence of the present government of Chosen.

These eighteen years have seen an equally wonderful progress in the world of the Christian Church in Korea. Then there were two Christian churches in the city of Pyengyang, a Presbyterian and a Methodist. The strength of these two churches even then filled a visitor's heart with joy, for the Presbyterian church was really two churches, the congregation having so outgrown the building, that the men and women had to meet at separate hours. Now there are ten churches of the Presbyterian and Methodist missions in Pyengyang among the Koreans, and two churches, carried on by the Japanese Congregationalists, one among the Koreans and one among the Japanese. We spent the whole of one Sunday going about from church to church and from Sunday School to Sunday School, and ending the day with two meetings, one for men and one for women that packed two of the largest churches. I wish that all the friends of the work in Korea might have been at the men's meeting in the Central church, when two thousand men and boys crowded every square foot or space, and night have heard them as they sang, at our request, the hymn that we had heard across the plains and through the valleys of Korea eighteen years ago, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus". Only a few days before, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Korea had met with one hundred and fifty delegates from nearly a hundred self-supporting churches and the following day we met with a large company of the Korean leaders at a feast when the address of welcome was made by the Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society which maintains, under full support from the Korean church, a foreign mission of its own in the Chinese province of Shantung. Here among these Korean Christians, one feels the old Apostolic glow and warmth, and sees Christian churches which have been built up from the outset on a New Testament foundation of evangelistic zeal and financial self-support. The church is not without its problems. It leans heavily upon missionary guidance, and it is innocent and unprepared, as yet, with regard to the great doctrinal discussions from which no Christian church has ever yet escaped. But the childlike faith and the living experience are here, and the Spirit of God will surely make these ready for all that they must be prepared to meet.

In Seoul, as in Pyengyang, the evidences of life and growth are on every side. Christian churches are scattered all over the city. Eighteen years ago, a meeting of students would have brought together only a small handful of boys from the two small mission schools. Last Friday night, fifteen hundred students packed the large hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and hundreds more could not get in; and at the close of the meeting in response to old Mr. Yi's appeal, almost fifteen hundred students must have raised their hands to indicate that they were already, or desired to become, disciples of Jesus Christ. This old Mr. Yi

was at one time in the Korean Legation at Washington. He is the man who, as member of a large Korean delegation taken to Japan last year by the Government, closed a conference which they were holding with the Minister of Education by a little speech of appreciation which he ended by saying, "Your Excellency, I have wondered whether you have in your heart, great peace under the heavy responsibilities that you bear. Surely beneath these burdens you must often desire such peace. In my own heart I enjoy it. I find that Jesus Christ is able to give me perfect peace at all times and in all things. I wish that Your Excellency might also have this peace."

The expansion of the missions in their outward equipment, is as striking as the inward and outward growth of the church. The new Pierson Memorial Bible School in memory of Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, is rising in a beautiful situation looking out over what, in our previous visit, was the little-used Mulberry Palace of the Emperor, now largely devoted to school purposes. The new Union Christian College in Seoul is in process of acquiring a magnificent site of nearly a square mile on the outskirts of the city. Where eighteen years ago our mission had at Yun Mot Kol two old adapted Korean buildings, there now stand half a dozen substantial brick residences, a great church, four large brick buildings, housing the boys' and girls' schools. In place of our old hospital building, there stand today on an overlooking hill near the railway station, the enlarged buildings of the Severance Hospital, medical college and school for nurses.

At Pyengyang around the three Korean-style buildings, standing amid the millet fields, which we found in 1897, has grown up a great compound of seventy-five acres with academies and higher schools and a theological seminary and a beautiful home for the missionaries' children, making it possible for the missionary families to be held together as they could not be in the old days, with hospital, industrial buildings and gardens and orchards and all the equipment by which, in spite of its effort to keep its work as simply and purely evangelistic as possible, the mission has been drawn out to influence for good the whole life of the people.

The annexation of Chosen to Japan, bringing with it so many and so great blessings in the government and development of the country, has brought with it also, and quite naturally, new problems regarding the mission work, involving the adjustment of mission schools and religious propagandism to the regulations of the government on these subjects, corresponding in general to similar regulations in Japan. Such readjustments are not always easy but, approached in the right spirit on each side, they ought not to be difficult, and there is no reason whatever why they cannot be happily worked out in Chosen, where the missions on their side have no aim but to teach the people a religion which

makes men law-abiding and loyal, and to promote the process of national progress and racial unity; and where the government on its side welcomes the spread of true religion, and is ready to give every liberty consistent with its aim of comple assimilation of the people. We are coming away from Chosen with a full confidence in the good faith and high purposes of the forces which are working for the betterment of the land.

The overland journey from Secul to Peking by way of Mukden, which would have taken two or three months under the most favorable conditions in 1897, we are making now in three days of travel, and that can be cut down two-thirds on the express train. We have added one day in order to stop over Sunday at Mukden, with the missionaries of the Scotch and Irish Presbyterian Churches, and see the great work which they are doing. We have now, after a Sunday with Dr. Christie and his associates, a new faith in the resurrection. The Boxer uprising wiped out every last vestige of what the missionaries had built up in Mukden, but the living power by which God raised Christ from the dead, has raised up out of the ashes of 1900, such a work of life as could only spring from death by the might of God. Hundreds of Government students poured in to the great church on Sunday morning to hear the Gospel, and over two hundred of them walked half a mile afterwards to the after meeting. A hundred medical students are coming to the medical college which Dr. Christia has built up, almost single-handed, and fifty thousand patients a year throng into the hospital.

From the old capital of the Manchus, dirty, decrepit, unchanging, we came out across great pitiful scree where one of China's wandering rivers had left its old bed, and was roaming lawlessly across the country, spreading ruin over hundreds of square miles. With the mud piled deep over their farms, the people were warring with the stream, to shut it back into servitude. All the rest of the day to Shan Hai Kuan we crossed broad plains like our own northwest, with millet instead of corn. The train stopped for the night at Shan Hai Kuan, and we went out in the moonlight to the great wall of China, and walked along its battlements and looked away at its dim outline crossing the plain and climbing the great hills. It possessed still the massive, solid grandeur of its past but it lay there in the dim light crumbling away in decay and neglect, unrelated to the great movement and uses of humanity, rich in memory and stuff for human service but dumb, unlighted, what truer symbol of China could there be? It is day time now and the rich autumn sunshine is falling on the farmers gathering in their crops and we see poor, huge China like the wall, wandering, in the half light and no whither.